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EUNICE TRIPLER

SOME NOTES OF
HER PERSONAL
RECOLLECTIONS

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By LOUIS A. ARTHUR

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"In a country whose character and circumstances are constantly changing, the little facts and incidents, which are the life of history, soon pass from the minds even of the present generation."

IN EXPLANATION

For years I tried to induce my Mother-in-law to write a brief autobiography for the benefit of her Children and Grandchildren. She received the proposition with no favour and, although she deplored the fact that her own Mother had done nothing of the sort, she would write out no part of the story of her life. A number of years since, however, I began, without her observation or knowledge, to take short-hand notes of certain conversations with her, and, invariably (with one single exception) wrote these out in full form within the hour—my constant aim being to preserve her own forms of expression. In preparing these notes for the printer I have but thrown them somewhat into chronological order. Much may seem trivial and not worthy of permanent record, but yet, being for private circulation only, it may be pardoned as helping to bring past conditions to present remembrance while preserving for the family, reminiscences which some of its members do not wish to be quite forgotten. It would have been easy to add many a reflection of my Mother-in-law on subjects spiritual—but I have refrained from almost everything not solely objective. Hers was a life which knew sorrow in many forms—and of her we can say, in a sense not common, "made perfect through suffering." May her pure soul rest in peace and may light perpetual shine upon her.

L. A. A.

St. Stephen's Rectory,
Grand Island, Nebraska,
May, 1910.

EUNICE TRIPLER

I

SOME FAMILY HISTORY

In General Alexander Hamilton's account of the capture of the Yorktown redoubt in the final engagement of the American Revolution (October, 1781), he states that Thomas Hunt (my paternal Grand-Father) was wounded by a bayonet thrust. Hugh Wynne, in Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's story says of this engagement, "I saw Hunt fall." My Grand-Father reached the rank of Colonel some time after the war. He was in command of his regiment however, at the last assault at Yorktown. My cousin, Gen. Henry I. Hunt, was present at the Centennial observances there in 1881. He met, on the occasion, descendants of the Count de Rochambeau who told him of the warm friendship between their ancestor and Col. Thomas Hunt—and many stories and anecdotes illustrative of their intimacy. The Count's Grand-Son said to him, "Why, the Hunt name is a household word in our family." In recognition of this old alliance the grand ball on this occasion was formally opened by the Grand-Son of the Count de

Rochambeau and Miss Dollie Hunt (daughter of Gen. Henry I. Hunt) then only seventeen years of age.

My Grand-Father was one of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati.

My maternal Grand-Father, Robert Forsythe, was agent for the Astors in the fur trade in Detroit (The North Western Fur Co.). One of my Mother's earliest recollections was that of being carried on her Father's shoulder through the great warehouses with narrow walks between the piles of pelts over which she was but barely able to look. My Grand-Father became an officer in the War of 1812, and is referred to by Mrs. Emma Willard in her history, "The Republic of America" as "that brave partisan officer Forsythe." He died while on the journey to his home in Detroit after the close of the war. His widow made her home in Amherstburg, Canada. The children were three: Robert, Maria (Kercheval), and Alice (Hunt).

At the time of Hull's surrender my Grand-Mother chanced to be at Malden, Canada, where she was protected by an order not to molest her on account of her good offices to Indians in the past—but my Grand-Father had his children with him in Detroit and took them for safety into the Fort. My

Mother, a little girl of ten years, was standing in the door of the Fort beside two officers who were in consultation. The head of one of these officers was taken off by a cannon-ball and her dress spattered with his blood. Thereupon all the women and children were put into the arsenal which my Mother described as a dark, damp, underground dungeon. One of the women, in the goodness of her heart, gave the children there bread and molasses to eat. The surrender of the Fort was not from cowardice on Gen. Hull's part but from his sense of responsibility for the lives of the women and children committed to him. At the time, Hull was ill and confined to his bed. The officer next in command reported to him that the English commander had sent word if the Fort did not surrender he would not be able to control his Indian allies. It was perfectly well known what this meant—the outraging of the women, and, in the end, the torture, killing and scalping of all. When, at last, the Indians came, with the British, into the Fort my Mother saw scalps dangling from the belts of many of them. In the American Revolution scalps taken by the Indians were regularly contracted for by the British—and invoiced and delivered like other merchandise.

My parents, Thomas Hunt and Alice Forsythe, were married in Detroit, 29 September, 1821, by a Judge Abbott. At the time there was no Protestant Minister in the place. My Father was born in Watertown, Mass., in 1794. His Father (Thos. Hunt) being in the Army received orders to go to Detroit. The family accompanied him when my Father was a little boy. Thence my Grand-Father was ordered to Fort Wayne (now in Indiana). The trip was made by batteaux propelled by oars, through the Detroit River, Lake Erie and the Maumee River. Camp was made every night on the bank. But the family was large and burdensome and it was almost impossible to make the journey with all the necessities that had to be carried. The eldest brother of my Father (Henry I.) had already gone into business in Detroit and had established an extensive trade with the Indians there. On the Fort Wayne journey it was therefore decided to send back my Uncle George and my Father to their Brother in Detroit. On their arrival they found the town had meantime been burned down and a more desolate scene could not be imagined. There was no one to receive them. The boys sat down on the river bank with their arms around each other's necks and cried. The eldest Brother was soon found, however, and the younger boys became associated with him in his business. When the War of 1812 broke out, my Father, then seventeen, received an appointment as Lieutenant. He needed to be mounted and borrowed a white horse of his Brother, Henry I. Hunt. He was in the battle of Brownstown below Detroit. After the engagement the white horse was found covered with blood and, for a time, my Father was thought to be killed. But he had simply lifted a wounded comrade into his seat. After Hull's surrender, the detachment to which my Father belonged, not knowing that event, marched to Detroit. The flag was down on the Fort, but, before they could comprehend the situation, the British forces surrounded and took them. And almost immediately began the prisoners' long march to Montreal. A companion of my Father on this journey was Col. Snelling for whom Fort Snelling was named, being the first Commandant of the post, and who but three days before had been married to my Father's sister, Abbie. She, too, accompanied her husband, a cart being provided for the two or three women who were so taken. Of this fearful journey, over 550 miles, made entirely afoot, my Father scarcely ever spoke in later years. I remember, however, his saying that the soldiers suffered dreadfully from dysentery but that those who ate most freely of ripe peaches as they passed certain orchards, made best recovery. They were kept prisoners a long time in Montreal, confined in a half-open stockade, or, as Aunt Snelling told me, "A pen no better than hogs have." As the prisoners were marched through the streets of Montreal, they were stoned and rotten-egged. No love was lost on either side. The atrocities of the British Indian allies had put ineradicable hatred in the hearts of the Americans. My Mother, when living as a young girl in Amherstburg on the Detroit River, saw the Indians on their return from the massacre of the entire village on the River Raisin. From their belts were hanging scalps, many having the long hair of women and others showing the light, soft curls of little children. There is nothing in this World quite so cruel as a half-drunken Indian. The bitter hatred the Americans felt for the British was largely because they made such allies. It was they who induced the Indians to dash across the Detroit River from Canada and engage in this massacre (23 January, 1813). Many of the British disguised themselves as Indians.

Just before Hull's surrender, and when his troops were expecting to fight, my Uncle Snelling (then but two days married to my

Aunt) rushed into the Fort and exclaimed "Abbie, promise me that if I fall, you never will marry an Englishman." As a result of his Montreal captivity, my Father contracted rheumatism and a white swelling in the right knee. Finally the officers were exchanged and returned to the United States. My Father and Col. Snelling came to Boston and there my Father had a terrible illness. After a time Col. Snelling had to part from my Father for duty elsewhere but he left money to defray the expenses of my Father's burial, fully believing he would die. My Father, however, recovered and returned to Detroit. The army was soon reorganised. It was a good opportunity to squeeze out undesirable officers but my Father was retained.

My Father's Sister, Ruth, was married to Col. Edwards of the Army when but fourteen years of age. The marriage took place at Fort Wayne, Indiana—having to be very unexpectedly consummated on account of my Grand Father's being ordered to a post much farther West—I think Prairie du Chien. My Aunt Snelling was but sixteen years of age when she was married at Detroit in 1814. The wife of Henry I. Hunt, my Uncle, was sister of the Laird of Inches who returned to Scotland on succeeding to the title and its estates. The family name was MacIntosh and my Uncle and Aunt were, ~~of~~ course, Presbyterians. My Father used to say to his sister "Why, Abbie, so far as set prayers go it is simply a question as to which form you will use. Our form is printed on paper and yours on the memory—that's all. Your Minister, Mr. Menteith, never prays without saying 'Our deeds are like filthy rags'—I don't like that. I don't like filthy rags."

My Uncle, Robert Forsythe, had become Private Secretary to Gen. Cass in Detroit. His Mother was living in Amherstburg. Gen. Cass told him he ought to bring up his sisters to Detroit. This he did and my Mother and her sister boarded with a Mrs. Roby and went to school. There my Father met her and they were married when he was twenty-seven and she seventeen. Already her elder sister, Maria, had married and, as Mrs. Kercheval, was living at Fort Wayne, Indiana. While visiting her sister, a young Indian Chief (title by inheritance, being the son of a Chief) tried to make love to her and marry her. The occasion was the annual payment of the Government pensions to the Indians and my Mother in company with ladies of the garrison and the village, was watching the transaction. The payment was all in silver dollars. On getting his money this young chief grasped his cash and stalked instantly to the place where my Mother was seated and threw it all into her lap. Through the live-long night following, he lay on the grass before the house, playing softly on the flute —one air monotonously over and over again —the Indian method of showing devotion. My Mother shortened her visit and was sent home. Not long afterward she married my Father. My Uncle Forsythe bought in New York for my Mother's wedding outfit a handsome lilac dress, a large white Leghorn hat and lace cape. These she wore when married. My Father's Regiment was soon ordered to Prairie du Chien but he was really no longer fit for active duty, young as he was. And there was no retired list in those days. So he was ordered to Washington for duty in the Commissary General's office. This was the wedding trip. They went to Buffalo on the Steamer "Walk-in-the-Water" accounted a very fine vessel and the first steamer on the lakes. The name was Indian in origin. My parents spent two days in New York City, and my Mother was greatly taken with the attractions of the town—especially the "Battery."

The crossing of New York State was made entirely by stage. A few years later we made part of the journey Westward by canal which was considered a vast improvement. But a canalboat cabin was horrible from the entire lack of ventilation and because one could not move after the table for meals was drawn out down the centre. The locks always awed me by their high stone sides as we went through. I can recall vividly my sensations as we sank down and down in a lock—till the cabin windows were quite darkened and we children clung to one another in fright.

In my childhood, a barge on the North River always followed the steamboat, in tow, and, for safety, the passengers invariably travelled by the barge. The steamer was very small and always of high pressure. There was continual discussion of the question, "Is it safe?" for it was assumed to be a mere matter of time till every steamer should blow up. On the barge, too, a passenger was free from the sickening odours that were always present on the steamer. The decks of a canal-boat would be heaped with trunks and baggage of all sorts. Great paste-board band-boxes were commonly carried to hold the extraordinary bonnets of that day. I have seen a "low bridge" on the Erie Canal work great "scatteration" and havoc on a heap of baggage.

My Mother always felt the lack of school advantages in early life—for there were no such in Amherstburg. She studied very hard while she had the opportunity in Detroit—and she even continued her studies after her first child was born. Her manners were quiet and dignified and she had great tact. She was thought in Washington to be a remarkable representative of Michigan, that "land of wild Indians." She used to say that she learned very much from Scott's Novels which appeared during her early married life. I remember my Mother, when I was a child, often keeping a spelling-book under her pillow.

II

WASHINGTON IN EARLY DAYS

For six or eight months after their arrival in Washington my Parents boarded and then began house-keeping. Their move was in all ways a pleasant one. My Father was very gentle and winning and my Mother had much beauty and a most engaging manner and their friends were many. The Army circle itself was delightful. I was born 11 October, 1822, and I had a very happy childhood. My Mother was ambitious for me and wanted me only with children who were refined. My clothes were always right and I never had mortification on that ground. The care of us children rested on our darky Nurse, "Mammie Nellie." She was devoted to our family and took the greatest pride in our affairs. It was the custom to give household servants a dress at Christmas and again on their birthday, and turbans and kerchiefs were frequent presents. So our Nellie could save nearly all her earnings and was quite independent when we left the city. Such devoted service I greatly missed in the new order of the household when we came to Detroit. I was named after my Father's Mother, "Eunice Wellington" but at my Baptism, after my marriage, I dropped the second name. My Uncle Forsythe, on a visit to Washington, requested that my little sister might be named after his pet, Gen. Cass's daughter, "Ellen." This was done.

We had four servants in our Washington home. These were all slaves and their wages were paid of course to their owners who in turn had but to furnish their clothing. We liked this arrangement because, if they misconducted, we could report them and, at once, get rid of them. My Father used to say "Never mind what we think of slavery. These are our friends about us and we are grateful to them for a thousand favours. We must not denounce what we may happen to question."

I remember vividly the tremendous thunder-storms of my childhood and how I would fly to my Mother for shelter and comfort. She used to put us children upon a high feather-bed—supposed to be a non-conductor of electricity.

My most intimate playmates were the daughters of General Alexander McComb and the daughter of General Cass. Toys such as are now found in all homes were unknown. The only doll which was attractive to a little girl was imported and rare. I never, as a child, saw but two and never possessed one. The cost was $5.00 and upwards. What we had were chopped out of wood by the Indians in the roughest manner, always made with high back combs and painted. I never had a set of doll's dishes in my life. I had some doll's furniture but it was of the roughest kind. Children's books were few. I can remember having only "The Girls' Own Book" which contained fairy tales like the "Yellow Dwarf," "Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Peter Parley Tales," "The Arabian Nights" and one descriptive of certain games. Our out-of-door sports were, commonly, Archery (with arrows having metal points to hold them on the target), grace hoops, etc. In-doors we had battle-dore and shuttle-cock and various round or ring games. As a child I saw little or no decoration for Christmas. We always hung up our stockings—and the first thing Christmas morning was to feel at the toe to find out if our money was there—usually a 25 cent piece. Children were given very little money. A penny was great riches ordinarily for this would buy six peppermint cakes.

My only pets were birds. I had a beautiful Cardinal bird which Purser Watson of the Navy brought me from South America, a

Mocking-bird and a pair of Canaries. Of all these I became very fond.

When I was a very young infant, I was vaccinated at three separate points on my arm, about one and one half inches apart, as was the custom of the time. Many persons regarded small-pox in the spirit of fatalism and, as though it were wrong to withstand so direct a visitation of God. Still it was so common a scourge there was universal fear of it and inoculation for the disease itself was by no means rare—for this was believed to induce a milder type of the malady. Travel by stage-coach was thought to expose one specially—but, in truth, people did not know and then, as now, ignorance begot talk—and I well remember the long and earnest wranglings on the subject.

The Church seemed dead in Washington. Parson Hawley (always called "Captain" Hawley on account of his army service) was the Rector of St. John's Church which we attended. He always wore a wig and small clothes and a Clerk made the responses in service. Captain Hawley preached, of course, not in the surplice but in the black gown, which was the universal custom of my childhood, the change from surplice to gown being made just before the commencement of the sermon. The organ was above and behind the pulpit which latter was the old-fashioned three-decker. Directly back of the pulpit (but beneath the organ) was the shelf which served as the Communion Table. My Father, on account of his lameness, always stood through the prayers for he could not kneel and would not sit. A Mr. Goldsborough, the Father of two Admirals of our Navy, used to dilate on the beauty of the service but I was hardly so impressed as I might have been. I remember the English Minister, Sir Charles Vaughn, had the next pew to ours and he used to pray into his hat. Sir Charles was a very heavy man, over-fed apparently, and with swelled eyes. His chief clerk was a Mr. Bankhead who was a very true gentleman. Mr. Bankhead and his wife were often at our house. Mrs. Bankhead was a delicate woman with a slight frame but her voice was tremendous—most remarkable for a woman.

Everybody drank in those days and all Englishmen, as it seemed, swore. It was "Damme this" and "Damme that" continually. In the pew of Sir Charles I remember seeing Fanny Kemble on one occasion and how I was just able to get my chin over the edge so as to look well into that pew. There was a step up from the aisle into the pew and a bench for kneeling along the front. On this bench I used to stand. I remember well seeing Bishop William White in St. John's and I recall vividly the little skull cap he used to wear. He was very aged at this time and trembled much. The Communion Service I never heard in any part as a child in Washington. Even when engaged to Dr. Tripler, in Detroit, I could not understand his loyal attendance at the Communion.

Mr. Goldsborough used to make me presents of books and talk with me about the beauties of style in the works of Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montague. I think now this was rather a singular topic to be discussed with a child of my age. We left Washington before I was fourteen. Mr. Goldsborough greatly admired the stilted phrases of these authors; but, for myself, I have always hated fine writing. Two sons of Mr. Goldsborough, Lewis and John, became Admirals in our Navy. A third son, Hugh Allen, entered civil life.

President Jackson attended St. John's. I used often to see him walking to and fro in front of the White House sunning himself. I remember one day when I was wearing a sunbonnet President Jackson stopped me on the walk in front of the White House and patted my head and asked me if I went to Mr. Haskell's school. He knew all the local institutions. I remember his white hair brushed straight up from his forehead—and how his long legs seemed to span the sidewalk. His countenance by most people was thought hard and repellant—but he was very friendly and benevolent to us children. I always felt I had a side-walk acquaintance with him.

The demonstration on each 8th January (New Orleans) was something a child could never forget—the firing of guns in the morning, later a parade of the marines and other organizations, the formal calling on Pres. Jackson by all the officers in Washington, (my Father, of course, in full uniform with sword and plumed chapeau), and, lastly, a grand ball in the evening.

There were but four departments in the general administration of the Government, State, Treasury, War and Navy. These departments occupied four separate buildings at the corners of the square in the centre of which stood and still stands the White House. We children would ramble through the halls of the War Department Building for its refreshing coolness. My Father was on duty, as Captain, in the Commissary General's office of the War Department. The army numbered but 8,000 men and there was little to do. There were three clerks only with my Father in his room. Gen. Gibson was Commissary General.

The father of Gen. E. O. C. Ord was a messenger in this department. He was the reputed son of George IV of England and Mrs. Fitzherbert "his lawful wife"—though this was unknown to me till many years later. I remember him distinctly as a man of gentle demeanor and manifestly high breeding. In the office there was also on duty a Maj. Hook. Gen. Gibson always took much notice of me. His testimony was of much value to my Mother when she was applying for her pension—for he and my Father were prisoners together.

In writing every one used black sand to dry the ink and soft vermilion wafers to seal the letter when folded. Envelopes were unknown. Our only pens were quills. Pen-making was really an art. Not every one could make a good pen. Neither was it good form not to write legibly—a very different standard from that of to-day. I used to empty the sand from all the boxes of my Father's office into a large paper on the floor for play and afterwards carefully distribute it again.

All pins, in my childhood, were of English manufacture, the head being made of a separate piece of wire twisted on. They were rough in their finish and often hurt the fingers in use. And they were expensive. If a pin were dropped, it was always hunted for till found.

At about the age of four years I saw Gen. Lafayette many times. He was a stupid-looking man with high shoulders. He used to take me on his lap and talk to me about his little Grand-daughter in France. I remember wearing a little pair of yellow kid shoes with an outline picture of Lafayette stamped on the toe. Everything then bore his picture. I remember showing my shoes to Lafayette and they amused him much. The meeting with him came about thus. Gen. Bernard of our Army was an intimate friend of Lafayette and lived just around the corner from our house. While in Washington Lafayette stayed at his home. He was a Frenchman by birth, at the head of the Engineer Corps and had come to this country at the time of the American Revolution under the influence of Lafayette and remained here. My Father called on Lafayette, well knowing the service his own Father had had with Lafayette at Yorktown during the Revolution and Lafayette used, then, to come to our house. He used to walk round the corner from Gen. Bernard's house to our home and sit with my Father on the small front portico and tell him funny experiences and escapades of my Grand Father in the Yorktown Campaign.

I am exceedingly sorry I have never known just what these were. Lafayette would send Sophie Bernard round to our house to get me and then he would pet me and give me sweets and nuts such as no child of four or five years ought ever to have. My Father was the envy of the neighborhood from these attentions of the great man of the day.

I have sometimes thought the limp which always marked my Father's walk must at first have aroused the curiosity of Lafayette and when he understood its cause, must have excited his interest. Lafayette was about two years in this country and was much of the time in Washington in the interest of a certain bill by which Congress finally gave him $200,000, and a township of land. He had lost his fortune in the French Revolution. Our house was on the corner of F St. and 17th. When coming from Pennsylvania Avenue we would pass by the South side of the White House for shortness. When I went East in 1856 to meet Dr. Tripler on his return from California, I found the site of our house, but much was changed. F St. itself was being then cut down and graded at that point and all was confusion. I found, however, just round the corner the place where, as a child, I used to buy gingerbread "horse-cakes." I had gone to that shop hand in hand with

Lafayette when only three or four years old—and remembered it well. I was not permitted to forget it. There can be but few persons now living in this country who touched Lafayette, and whom he kissed.

At some factory town in Massachusetts Lafayette was moved by the sight of "three miles of green parasols" carried by the working girls and he compared this with conditions in France where such a thing could not be seen. At this time all parasols were green—the only color thought to be safe for the eyes.

Hatred of the British I drew in with my Mother's milk. My Father's crippled state was an object lesson always before me. And from the time when Lafayette was so often at our house the good will and friendliness of the French were correspondingly dwelt upon.

My Father always kept a horse, one of his army allowances being for its feed. By this horse, "Rhoderick" by name, I came near my death when about four years old. I was upon his back when he suddenly bolted away from the servant and into the stable—and I had a narrow escape from being crushed.

My Mother used to take me to hear great debates in Congress, but all that interested me was the sight of the crowds. My Father, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were all members of the same card club and met weekly. But my Father did not remain long an active member—because the play was too high for him. Gen. Gratiot we knew intimately. I was often with the daughters of Lewis Maclean and at their house I met Washington Irving repeatedly. I remember his coming into the room suddenly where we were playing "Hide and Seek" and my fear lest he should sit down on the divan under which I was hid. The Maclean girls used to stick pins in his favorite chair. Lydia Maclean married Gen. Joe Johnston. I remember Martin Van Buren well. At this time he was in Jackson's cabinet. His son, "Prince John" as he was called, went abroad and was most favorably received by the young Queen Victoria. I recall Martin Van Buren's foxy red hair brushed straight out from the sides. I remember going once with a party to the "Great Falls" of the Potomac above the city —and being much impressed by them. The handsomest house in Washington belonged to Capt. Kuhn of the Navy. He owned a tract of land between Washington proper and Georgetown and had built this large brick house with a ball-room attached. Capt. Kuhn had married a lady in the Island of Malta and with their daughter I was quite intimate. I well remember how awed I was by the echo of our footsteps as we girls walked across the polished floor of this ball-room. Changes came in the Kuhn household, the family was scattered and the beautiful home was occupied by a Baron Krudener, a diplomat.

A Capt. Mellen of the Army, stationed at Old Point Comfort, Va., wrote my Father of his pressing need of money and offering to sell his piano. My Father had been urged by some of our friends to have me taught the instrument. He wrote to Capt. Mellen explaining that he had many uses for his money and could make but a small payment down. The offer was gladly accepted, however, and I got the piano very soon. The instrument would look very queer in these days. It was hardly larger than a modern sewing-machine—of about 4 octaves only—of European manufacture—with bands of brass round the fluted legs—one pedal—and the yellowest of yellow keys. It is hard to call the tinkle it made music. I was at the time no more than seven or eight years old. A friend of mine, Salvadora Mead, daughter of Com. Mead, took lessons of a Mr. Pleische, a German, and by him I, too, was instructed. I could hardly understand his English. My Father got me a better piano shortly before we left Washington. The old-fashioned music one was expected to know was very trifling. A little ability to sing was thought desirable. The usual selections were such as "Days of Absence," "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," "The Last Rose of Summer." The songs most sung were Burns', Tom Moore's and Byron's. The Woodbury mansion on Lafayette Square I knew well. Levi Woodbury was Secretary of War in Jackson's Cabinet. There were three daughters—and it was the second of these, Frank or Frances, I knew best, being her class-mate in school. Her elder sister, Lizzie, married Montgomery Blair, Lincoln's first Postmaster General. With her. I renewed my acquaintance in the Winter of 1861-'62 while I was in Washington with my husband.

The two daughters of Chief Justice Taney I remember seeing at our house and hearing them talk of certain beaux and their attentions. I have no memory of their father. The home of the Taneys was on the street fronting the White House, corresponding in location to the house of Secretary Levi Woodbury. The daughters of Amos Kendall, Postmaster General in Jackson's Cabinet, were also schoolmates of mine whom I remember.

My Father always read the "National Intelligencer," Gales and Seaton, editors. I remember vividly his discussing this paper on our front porch with Mr. Goldsborough, Col. Turnbull of the Topographical Engineers (at this time engaged on the Georgetown aqueduct) and Mr. Fillebrown, who had just lost his clerkship in one of the departments. When this occurred the Fillebrown family was in real need and every day food from our table was sent to their home. It was at the time thought Mr. Fillebrown would be reinstated, but he never was—for he could not keep from violent speech against the Administration. He was a Clay man. My Father used to say it was neither patriotic nor seemly for a government employee to abuse those in power. He had already lived long enough to see both sides. Scott Fillebrown, a son of our friend, became afterward a Naval officer of high rank.

Victoria Gratiot, a clever girl, two years older than I, and the daughter of Gen. Gratiot, Chief of Engineers, was an intimate friend of whom I was very fond. She married Count Montholon, Minister of France to this country, the son of Montholon, the companion of the first Napoleon at St. Helena. Her marriage was the result of ambition and turned out most unfortunately. Lewis Cass told me of her life in Paris, where I believe she passed most of her later years in gambling.

I knew Gen. Jacob Brown, Commanding General of the Army. I was intimate with his daughter Kate, and often at their house, where my Mother, too, frequently visited. I have a vivid memory of the General, tall, thin and of dark complexion. On the death of Gen. Brown (no retirement for age in those days) Gen. Alexander McComb succeeded to the post. His daughter Jane, three weeks older than I, was my class-mate and playmate, as was also Matilda Cass. Of course I was often at Gen. McComb's. He was a *bon vivant*, very gross-looking and loaded with fat. His second wife brought him much wealth and, the first thing after marrying him, paid up his old debts. Gen. McComb was succeeded by Gen. Winfield Scott.

In our Washington life the families with whom we were most intimate and all of whom had homes not far from our own were these: the Gratiot, the Ramsey, the Turnbull, the Cass, the Goldsborough, and the Hagner. The wife of Major Turnbull had the first ice-chest I ever saw in use. It was made in Philadelphia, where nearly all our novelties came from, and was looked on as a curiosity. It was but a small affair, very unscientific in arrangement, with three compartments which all opened from above and which had lids lined with green baize. The ice was put into a receptacle below.

We had many friends among the officers of the Navy Yard, *e. g.*, Com. Stuart, the Great

Grandfather of Charles Stuart Parnell and Capt. Ramsey. A Russian ship, the "Kensington," had been deserted at sea but picked up and brought to port by American sailors—and then returned by our Government to Russia. Capt. Ramsey was in command. On his return he was loaded with presents, among them a ring with an oval one and a half inches in length encrusted with jewels. This ring was given in form to Mrs. Ramsey and was retained by her, but all gifts made to the Captain had to be returned. Capt. Ramsey gave my Mother the fur lining to a large cloak. He was always kissing me. At the Ramsey home I remember meeting Count von Stackleburg, the German minister, who was rather intimate with the family. He was a man of middle life, with hair prematurely white and a face deeply marked by the small-pox. He was quite a social leader of the young, but had done little or nothing to accredit himself with those older, when Washington was visited by the small-pox. The Count, being himself immune, went into the principal small-pox hospitals and served as an attendant of the sick. His sacrifice and devotion endeared him at once to the heart of the citizens. The man seemed really to be a union of contrarieties. Coming from a social entertainment once at exactly midnight, the Count said to his companions, in perfect seriousness, "Well, now, boys, where shall we go to spend the evening?"

Elderly women generally wore black silk skirts and a kerchief crossed over the breast. Often there was an astonishing turban for a head covering and frequently black mitts on the hands. A slit cut in the skirt admitted the hand to a pocket, which was tied on as a bag below. In this there were a red silk handkerchief and a white one for display, a silver snuff box and a small nutmeg grater. By the use of this last each woman could determine the amount of spice in her sangaree (a drink of wine, water and sugar) or her negus (a hot drink). I was often disgusted by all this.

I think it was not till after our going to Detroit in 1836 that I first saw granulated sugar. The white sugar of my childhood all came in large loaves or rather pyramids and had to be broken up for use with knife and hammer or sometimes nippers. This in itself was no light task. Loaf sugar when sold was always wrapped in dark blue paper—kept in place by a cap of the same paper—which fitted over the top of the loaf.

Nearly all gentlemen used snuff, a silver snuff-box being most commonly carried. Wealthy men carried a gold box—often enriched with jewels. In taking the box from the pocket for use or to offer it to a friend, it was the invariable custom to tap the lid smartly before opening. This was to assure that no snuff was adhering to the lid. In my childhood the very height of personal praise a man could receive was in the encomium, "You are a gentleman and a scholar and a Revolutionary officer." This was like a charter of nobility.

When callers came a stately colored waiter would march into the parlor bearing a salver with wine, cordial or some French liqueur in tiny glasses—and very black cake. Refreshments were invariably offered to visitors.

I had heard for some time of the new French delicacy "ice cream" before I ever saw any. My Mother had told me of tasting it at a party at the French Ambassador's, where it was served in small forms to represent fruit and brought in to the company by the waiters on very large salvers which they carried above their heads. The guests were so impatient for it there was great disorder.

The only provision for heating houses was by open fire-places. I can remember seeing but one stove in Washington and that was in my Mother's room not long before we left the city for Detroit. On the brick hearth would be left at night a saucer or cup of whale oil with a disc floating a wick which kept fire—for we had no such convenience as friction matches. Our living-rooms were lighted only by candles. I remember well the use of the flint and steel and the necessary tinder or punk. The principal fire-place in our home was large enough for me when a child of six or eight years to stand up in easily. The great back-log would be rolled into place by two negro servants and would last for two days or more—the larger part of the fire being in front—from the wood built up and around the "dogs" or andirons. Some of our negro servants, men, seemed to have intelligence only sufficient to select and place a good back-log. They were deeply sunken mentally.

One Washington sight always gave me inexpressible pain. It was that of the little darkey chimney-sweeps by whom every house had to be visited for safety every six or eight months. These boys were in charge of masters who hired them, of course, from their owners—since they were slaves. The little fellows went about clad in one garment only—a blanket which fastened close around their necks and their poor eyes were always inflamed and red and weeping from the soot and their elbows and knees raw and bleeding. There were cases where the owner of a house was prosecuted at law for the narrowness of his chimney and the danger of its cleaning. The cruel master of a boy would push the poor little fellow whimpering into the chimney at the hearth and if he thought the boy was not making proper effort to get through a tight flue he would sometimes kindle paper or straw in the chimney so that the heat and smoke would force the boy upward. Once at the top of the chimney every sweep had a little call or cry by which he announced his arrival, but, of course, he had his painful descent still to make. I got so at last that when I knew this work was to be done at our house I would run away from the neighborhood and remain away until it was all over. I can recall now vividly the face of one of these cruel masters, and I recall, too, the joy I felt in hearing of this man's sudden death and realising his days of maltreating little boys were at last ended.

It was in my childhood that the first India-rubber shoes were made, and rough articles they were—the gum being poured by hand over or around a mould. There was generally a heavy lump of rubber on the inside of the toe, while the heel would be sometimes high and sometimes low—in the latter case almost impossible to keep on. The question would be asked if you wished your shoes high or low and, if the latter, they would be at once cut down by a sharp knife to the height indicated—though the chances were against both your shoes being the same height.

I have seen in my life the greatest change in the drinking habits of the people generally. In our Washington home, immediately after breakfast, each day, my Mother would oversee the silver and glass at the sideboard. The waiter, in a white apron, would bring to her the decanters to be refilled—with gin (Hollands was much drunk), brandy and wines (Madeira and Sherry). I never saw whiskey nor beer. I made the acquaintance of porter after my first child was born, when it was prescribed for me.

In my childhood duelling was very common among officers of the Army and Navy and among members of the "fast set." Sometimes staid and sober men who ought to have known better, moved by a venomous and bitter hate, would go out. Women, whose names had become prominent in the quarrels, sometimes fled the country for shame's sake. A man who had defended his honour, as the expression was, was looked up to as worthy of emulation. The usual place of meeting from Washington was Bladensburgh and often, after the first shot, the quarrel would be composed—honour having been now satisfied. Frequently one duel would provoke another.

We knew quite well a Major Hook of the Army who had some years before been shot through both legs in a duel. His gait was very peculiar. He used to join my Father and me in our morning horse-back rides.

Our friends in Washington were as intelligent, as cultivated and as refined as any circle to be found anywhere in the country at the time. Yet social custom was such that I early learned as a child to get out of the way of certain men who visited at our house. I could not bear to be caressed and kissed by men who were intoxicated and I would not stand it. Many of my Parents' neighbors and intimate friends had slaves as domestic servants and therefore no wages to pay. So far as table manners and etiquette are concerned I feel quite sure that the ordinary observances of the time when I was a child were better than customs now. One seldom or never saw a household which was lacking a sufficient number of servants, and these servants were all trained. The children, too, were sure to be quiet and mannerly. The table service and furnishing were perhaps not quite so elaborate as what one may see to-day, but all articles were better cared for. Table forks had but two prongs and it was quite impossible to use them for eating peas. Knives and forks, too, had almost universally handles of horn and these often were silver mounted, but they would be skewy and unlike others of the set. Ivory handles came into use later but, almost invariably, the ivory became checked and cracked.

In the painting in the rotunda of the Capitol, the "Baptism of Pocahontas" (now reproduced on the back of the $20 green-backs), I was taken as the model of a page. In my Father's office one day the artist (I think his name was Chapman) said he wanted my head. My Father laughed and said, "Only on Saturdays." So every Saturday for a number of weeks I came to the office to sit for him. The likeness was apparent to all my friends when the painting was completed. This was about 1832. The figure for which I sat is in the left foreground of the picture. In the painting "Chapultepec" in the Capitol there is a portrait of my Cousin Henry I. Hunt introduced. A picture of the Senate, also in the Capitol, has a portrait of my Mother sitting in the gallery, in a yellow satin dress, so that our family is thrice represented in the building. However, I understand this picture of the Senate of late years has been hung in the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington.

The house directly opposite our Washington home was occupied by the family of a Mr. Houston, who was a brother of Sam Houston, the Governor of Texas. This Mr. Houston was much at our house and always talking of his brother Sam.

Gen. Towson (who served in the war of 1812) lived just opposite the Navy Department—and the home of most of the cabinet officers and the principal foreign ministers fronted on Lafayette Square. Next to our house and on the corner of F Street lived Gen. Gratiot. Directly opposite upon the corner lived Gen. Alexander Ramsey, Secretary of War—and opposite him, but diagonally opposite Gen. Gratiot's, was the home of the Pleasantons, but a half square from our house. Clementina Pleasanton, her sister and I used to play in the front yard of the Pleasanton home, lock arms and walk up and down in our deep sun-bonnets which I hated. I remember seeing Martin Van Buren enter this house for a call, while we girls commented on his bald head and stiffly growing whiskers. James Buchanan was also an intimate friend of the Pleasantons. I remember well his portly figure and how he would often stop to speak to us girls and to stroke my head. I can just remember once seeing John Quincy Adams when I was very young. He was, however, at a distance when pointed out to me as the President. I never met him in person.

Martin Van Buren was quite undersized as a man. It would have been an impossible thing for him ever to have assumed any nobility of bearing. His sons John and Abram were often at our house, the latter the more frequently, as he belonged to a certain card club which met weekly at the houses of the members. He used to borrow and wear a certain uniform suit of my Father's for evening companies, and when at last my Father resigned from the army and was about to move to Detroit Abram Van Buren came to my Father to ask if he could buy the uniform. Of course my Father was very glad to sell it to him. At this time Martin Van Buren was in Jackson's cabinet.

The Cass home was on G. St. immediately in the rear of our house. An opening was made in the fence so that we could pass backward and forward, and the families were very intimate. Of course Mrs. Cass had known my Mother in Detroit. In her own early home in Virginia there were shoals of slaves, and it was a change indeed when she came as a young wife to Detroit, where she had as servant only one young Indian. Mrs. Cass was such an invalid that she could take no social duty. During their first Winter in Washington, therefore, Gen. Cass sent for the wife of Gen. John E. Wool of Troy, N. Y., to come to Washington and matronize his three daughters. As the second Winter approached, he was asked if the arrangement would be repeated. "No," he replied, "Mrs. Hunt will succeed to that post." And my Mother did this with tact and great credit to herself.

My Mother had a beautiful figure and a strikingly handsome face. She was vivacious and a fine dancer and, naturally, was in great demand at all festivities. On one occasion Sir Charles Vaughn gave a large entertainment in honour of certain English visitors in Washington. An invitation was sent to my Mother but none to my Father. My Mother promptly sent a polite declination. This brought Sir Charles himself to our house to importune my Mother. He said to her, "Mrs. Hunt, I wish especially to show our American beauties to our English friends." "But," said my Mother, "my husband, Capt. Hunt, is not invited." "Oh, Hunt," said Sir Charles, "Oh, damn Hunt." My Mother said no word, but rose and stood perfectly erect before him. It was her house and he, of course, saw the interview had ended and took his departure.

In my childhood the Capitol was completed, but not the wings as now. There was a field with rank, coarse grass on the North side of the White House. Not long before we left, Pennsylvania Avenue was macadamized, but the sides were rough and made horrible walking, a central rut only having been worn smooth by vehicles. There was a double row of Lombardy poplars on this avenue from the White House to the Capitol. Some evergreens and a few deciduous trees had been planted in the White House grounds—but all seemed untrimmed and uncared for.

The summers were frightfully hot. Frogs and mosquitoes came from the marshes. My Sister and I took turns in fanning one another to sleep at night. Red brick sidewalks were everywhere. The school I attended was next to St. John's Church. I remember very well the coarsely printed little blue covered primer out of which I learned my letters. The syllables, ba, be, bi, bo, bu, and ca, ce, ci, co, cu, and so on down through the alphabet, were arranged in columns. There were a few wretchedly drawn, grotesque woodcuts by way of illustration. The profiles of men and boys were ludicrously awry. There is hardly a school boy to-day who could not do better with his pencil. Apples on a tree would be about the size of pumpkins, and a boy would be as tall as the tree. The pasteboard cover of this primer was so coarse that pieces of the cloth out of which it was made were quite visible. The geography we used was by the Dane, Malte-Brun. I well remember a picture the book contained representing the Japanese people in the act of trampling upon the Cross. In the light of comparatively recent events and the opening of the Japanese Empire to Christian civilization, this seems to me significant.

My private school teachers in order of time were Mr. and Mrs. Haskell, Mr. Young, Miss Heeny and a Miss English (in Georgetown). An Italian, named Carusi, taught us dancing. Nearly all would be called "square dances" now though the waltz was popular and I was, of course, taught it. On the first of every May this Carusi gave a May party at his establishment which was very popular. A "Queen of the May" was selected from his older and more advanced pupils and twelve "Maids of Honor" were appointed, and these in turn were followed by a train of "Floras," being young girls from 5 to 12 years of age, all trained to take place in procession, the Queen bringing up the rear and being preceded by the youngest child bearing the crown on a cushion and advancing to the steps of the throne. All the girls wore wreaths on the head and garlands of flowers depending from the shoulder to the opposite side and scattered flowers on the Queen's path. Carusi himself always held the youngest child by the hand lest she should drop the crown. The whole formed a very beautiful sight and the attraction was sufficient to fill Carusi's Hall, then the largest place of assembly in the city, with the elite of Washington. Carusi was himself a typical Italian, of most swarthy complexion; he wore short clothes and pumps and turned out his toes in true dancing master style. The old-fashioned curtsy was always taught in our dancing-school—the putting one foot with a slide behind the other and bending both knees with a bow. The curtsy occurred in the figures of many dances—each lady making this salute to her partner at the opening of any dance. To me there seems to be no grace in modern dancing, for there is no opportunity for the personal attentions between partners to which, in my youth, I was accustomed. I have never looked on dancing as being entirely frivolous. It betokens a light heart and a good conscience. I believe few persons care to dance when conscience-stricken.

Mons. DeLeon taught me French and walking out with me made me recite "Telemachus" and correct his reciting or reading of the "Vicar of Wakefield." I had also as teachers of French a Miss DePue and a Miss Hauel. We had no long Summer vacation. I was made quite a pet by my French teacher and got a good start in the language very early.

A Mr. Eugene Vaile who was connected with the French Embassy kept house with two sisters in the "Seven Buildings" on Pennsylvania Avenue and they would come and get me and talk French with me and then take me to my Mother that she might hear what I had just been taught. This all encouraged me and made me like the language too. At this time I was about six years old. The Cass family had brought from France a great quantity of French books—and of all these I had the use later. The Cass daughters all spoke French and I was much with them. When out of other reading-matter, how often have I gotten a French play or novel from the Cass library!—I have read current French literature with ease and delight since I was eleven years old.

Nearly one half of the money in circulation seemed to be English coin. A shilling, however, always meant the New York shilling, *i. e.*, 12½ cents. The arithmetic I used was full of examples in reduction puzzling to a child and long columns of amounts to be added in 6¼, 12½, and 18¾ cents.

My Mother knew the wife of Joseph Bonaparte who was the daughter of Commodore Patterson of our Navy. My Parents were intimate with the family of William Wirt, the eminent author and lawyer and Anti-Masonic candidate for the Presidency in 1832. His house was near the Hagner home on G Street —a large brick house, grown dark with a covering of green mould.

In the Washington I knew as a child there were no street cars, no public schools, no pavements, no public sewers, no friction matches, no telegraphs, telephones, daguerreotypes nor photographs, no cheap postage, no city water and scarcely any street lamps. A little attempt was made to light the chief thoroughfares with oil lamps at certain corners. All ordinary lamps smelled horribly. In the theatres this nuisance was overpowering. But people seemed to throng the theatres. I was taken, for example, young as I then was, to see Fanny Kemble play Juliet to her Father's Romeo. I saw Joseph Jefferson (the Father of the creator of "Rip-Van-Winkle") as Dogberry. It was quite customary for the audience to eat oranges during the performance and throw the peel anywhere on the floor. I often went to horse-races. My Mother and everyone would bet gloves or anything that struck their fancy. The question of propriety was never raised. The foreign element, the French especially, were very determinate of social forms in Washington. My parents played cards frequently and for money. Everybody did so then. The game was "Loo" and the counters were pieces of mother-of-pearl and in form of a fish—rather handsome toys in themselves. People bet on anything and everything—on whether it would rain to-morrow or the next day—on whether Jack would win his present bet or whether Jim would lose. Gamblers often came from other cities bringing new tricks and simply proving themselves robbers.

Child as I was, I instinctively felt this gambling was all wrong. I have seen my Father grow pale on comparing notes with my Mother, at learning they both had lost, at different tables.

I remember I went to a circus once and, with some other children, had a ride in a howdah on an elephant. I can recall now vividly our sensations from the movements of the great beast. I remember seeing a play in Ford's Theatre long afterward the scene of the awful tragedy of Lincoln's assassination. As I recall it, it was not a very large place of entertainment.

There was always the greatest respect shown to age and deference to those in high office—very different from customs now. Washington life, as I recall it, was quite aristocratic and showed a marked tendency toward class distinction. It was a real shock to me, after our move to Detroit, to see young women engage in general conversation with shop clerks over the counter.

We used to walk out to "Camp Hill," west of the White House, for the sake of the view which we would enjoy while seated on one of the great stones there projecting from the ground. I believe, by the process of grading, the attractions of this spot have long since disappeared. Washington was supplied with water only by pumps, one on each square, through the city. It was a daily sight, the line of darkeys waiting with their two pails, for their turn at the pump. Darkey women would carry three pails, one on the head. There was small chance to put out a fire when once started. I remember the long line of fire-buckets in the government buildings.

Bill-boards were never obtrusive in position nor immodest in design. Indeed, advertising boards of any sort were rare in the streets except at the doors of the theatres.

There was a good market near our house and a servant, a free colored man, always attended my Father with a basket to bring home his purchases. This servant, when we left Washington, went to Gen. Cass and Mrs. Cass pronounced him the best servant they ever had.

My Father was of a rather delicate physique. His fearful experiences in 1814 had permanently impaired his health. I can see my Mother now meeting him at the gate when he reached home in Summer from the office, white with exhaustion and heat, and refreshing him with a drink of cold whiskey and water.

The greatest care was taken of the complexion. We used for ordinary wear, in Summer, deep sun-bonnets made of pasteboard and covered with a coloured barege and furnished with a veil of the same colour in front. It was a most uncomfortable garb but all other girls were dressed the same. A freckle was considered a positive disgrace. One day my Mother found three tiny ones on my face. She had a fit of violent weeping.

One of our visitors in Washington was my Cousin, John Kinsie, of Fort Dearborn or Chicago—after whom "Kinsie" Street in that city is named. He came to Washington with a certain delegation of Indians who desired to see the "Great Father" for redress of their wrongs. Cheating the poor Indian was a common thing. But John Kinsie was an honest man and known as the Red Man's Friend. As a young man he had spent much time visiting and hunting with the Pottawattamie Indians—having a liking for their wild life and finding he made friends by it. I remember well how he entertained us children with an Indian dance which was meant to depict the treatment an Indian gives to his enemies—noiselessly stealing round in a circle—lifting his feet till his heels actually touched his thighs—peering cautiously about on every side for his foe—at last spying his enemy, leaping upon him and bearing him to the ground. Later, in our home in Detroit, he and Uncle Forsythe used to talk together in the Indian tongue, having much in sympathy from their common Indian experiences.

With a little circle of my Washington mates I had instruction in sewing. Our teacher once told us that we should always take three more stitches after the needleful of thread had become so short as to make it necessary to re-thread the needle at each stitch. All this for economy's sake but I doubt if it were really expected we would carry out the direction.

When the Railway was completed from Washington to Baltimore, my Father took me for the day to the latter city. It was thought to be a marvel of achievement that this journey could be made in two hours. We returned in the evening with a fine shawl which we purchased in Baltimore as a present for my Mother.

While Andrew Jackson was making new deposits of the public funds, my Father accepted the office of messenger and carried the sum of $60,000 to Little Rock, Arkansas. It was difficult to find trusty men for the service because of the great peril incurred, but my Father took the duty for the sake of the additional pay. I remember my Father bringing the big bundle home, taking it up stairs and spreading out the packages of bills on the bed where my Mother proceeded at once to take the necessary measurements and quilt the money into a wide belt he wore. When she had finished her task she had a fit of hysterics. My Father was appointed to this extraordinary service perhaps for his known soldierly character—and, it may perhaps have been felt, that his lameness would have a tendency to disarm suspicion. My Father used to say that he had often been in posts of danger but never, as he felt, in greater peril than on this journey. Arkansas and the whole South West region at this time were infested with ruffians willing to murder any man for five dollars.

Fanny Bell, daughter of Senator John Bell of Tennessee, candidate for the Presidency in 1860, passed the Christmas Holidays, one year, at our house. She was attending a boarding-school in Washington at the time. She sent me a gold ring shortly afterward—the first ring I ever possessed.

My Brother "Bob," when a small boy, was one day trundling a little wheelbarrow along Pennsylvania Avenue. His head was down and he was running at top speed when he ran his barrow right between the legs of President Jackson himself. It was a funny sight, so bystanders said, to see the President gather himself together and slowly lift one long leg over the boy's head.

I felt I knew every brick-bat in Washington and loved it, and, when we left, it was with tears and groans on my part.

III

DETROIT IN EARLY DAYS

On account of insufficient income, my Father resigned from the Army in 1836 to accept the position of Register of the Land Office in Detroit. This post he secured by commission from Pres. Andrew Jackson through the influence of Gen. Cass. The pay of Register had been very considerable in the preceding years, but, in the business depression of 1837 the income was greatly reduced. By a Government treaty with the Indians $10,000 had come to Uncle Forsythe and $8,000 to each of his two sisters, they all being adopted members of this particular tribe. It was my Mother's share which paid the expenses of the move from Washington to Detroit. The Government paid this money for land taken from the Indians but the treaties which brought so much credit to Gen. Cass as Secretary of State were effected by the personal agency of Uncle Forsythe. He was what would be called a very "masterful" man —large in stature, muscular and possessed especially of the war-like qualities Indians admire. When he stalked around among them they trembled. He had the virtues of the savage and the civilized man strangely mixed. He never forgave an enemy nor forgot a friend. His nature was undisciplined. He was quick to anger but he had the true Indian eloquence—using very short sentences but those of telling force. In his later life it was his recreation and refreshment to go among the Indian tribes and stay with them for days or weeks at a time. It was a common saying it was not wrong to cheat an Indian, on account of the many crimes his race had committed against the Whites. It was customary for every business transaction, of any size, with an Indian to be sealed with a big drink of whiskey. His only test of the whiskey was its power to make him drunk. A drunken Indian is a fiend. No one can ever measure the awful wrongs done the Indians in the advance of our civilization. I am thankful I can say all my relatives, the Kinzies and the Forsythes, were absolutely upright in their dealings with the race. My Uncle Forsythe knew not the emotion of fear. He would stand before an Indian Chief who had his tomahawk in hand, give him a shove with his shoulder, looking the Chief straight in the eye the while. He would point to the ground. Down would go the tomahawk. My Uncle always carried his point

with an Indian—for there is nothing an Indian so admires as personal courage—nothing by which he is so moved as its display. I remember Uncle Forsythe's bringing on to Washington eight or ten Indian chiefs to consult about a certain proposed treaty for Indian land and I saw these men on our parlour floor before the hearth in their paint and feathers and strong with the odour of Kinnikinic. Oh, the smell of a dirty Indian! When the Indians had gone from our house my Mother would call a servant and have all the windows and doors thrown open. When our writers descant on the dignity of the noble red man I have noticed they always omit the smell. In Detroit when we first moved there in 1836, the sidewalks in front of the retail stores were often crowded with squaws having papooses strapped on their backs.

When a boy of thirteen or fourteen years, at Detroit, Uncle Forsythe had lived much with the Pottawattamie Indians. He would stay for months at a time with one of their chiefs, and, in such circumstances, in those days, an adoption into the tribe was customary. This was effected in his case and in that of his Sisters. The latter were sent to Mrs. Kinzie's at Fort Dearborn now Chicago. Afterward they were at a boarding school in Detroit. During the war of 1812 Uncle Forsythe was employed as messenger between the American generals. He was recommended for his courage and his trustworthiness. Bridlepaths were the only open lines of communication and "Bob Forsythe" rode his pony on this duty, exchanging for a fresh mount at certain points. Gen. Cass took great fancy to him after Hull's surrender, and, in the active work necessary to the treaty, Uncle was simply indispensable. He could, of course, speak the Indian language—could reason with the Indians—and could act as interpreter for Gen. Cass. He was utterly fearless and had unbounded influence over the Indians. For these reasons he and his Sisters were granted these sums by the Government. My Aunt Kercheval got money several times in this way.

My Mother told me that some Indian tribes visited on their women, found guilty of unfaithfulness, the punishment of slitting or of cutting off the nose. I remember to have seen several Indian women so disfigured but did not, at the time, know for what cause.

"Black Partridge," the Indian Chief, lived near Fort Dearborn or Chicago. He was a devoted personal friend of Maria Abbot, the half sister of John Kinsie. It was through Black Partridge they received warning, on one occasion, in time to save themselves from an Indian uprising.

When we made our journey to the West we were three days on the Hudson River from New York to Albany. From Albany we went by canal to Oswego where we took boat through the lakes. On our arrival in Detroit we spent six weeks at my Aunt Kercheval's. While there I met the English novelist Marryat. He came to Uncle's, as I now remember, with certain Detroit friends, to ask some favour of Uncle concerning a trip of his party on the lakes. He and Uncle sat and talked on the piazza. He impressed me as a very coarse man. We were a party of five girls—my three Kercheval cousins, my Sister Ellen and myself. He called us "young colts" and I quite resented the way in which he spoke of "that span over there." In the front hall of Uncle Kercheval's I can see now, on a small table, the lemons and sugar and whiskey, and even the cracked ice, all ready for the punch at a moment's notice. In our own home I used to insist on making the punch myself for I had a recipe by which it was very delicious and yet truly temperate. One could not become intoxicated on it. I said "I simply will not have these young officers drinking to excess in our house." Good punch is like most of the good things of life: everything depends on the right proportion.

When we came to Detroit to live I felt soon reconciled to the change and thoroughly at home for it was quickly borne in on me that both my Father's family and my Mother's family had been largely instrumental in settling and developing the region.

Our first Detroit home was at the southeast corner of Congress and Shelby Streets. Detroit, at this time, had perhaps 8,000 population, though some say 5,000 and some only 3,000. Mr. Bela Hubbard, in his "Memorials of a Half Century" says Detroit in 1835 had less than 5,000 inhabitants. Jefferson Avenue was the principal street for retail shops. Woodward Avenue had the large churches, St. Paul's, the Presbyterian and the Methodist all being between Congress and Larned Streets. Bishop McCoskry and we came to Detroit in the same week in August, 1836. He became rector of St. Paul's. There was a swamp where the Grand Circus Park now is and the State Capitol (afterward burned) stood where later the High School was erected. On the Campus Martius the Michigan Central Railway soon after had it's station and sheds for cattle and freight. There were signs of a subterranean stream running from the Campus Martius to the river diagonally across the block as now laid out through Wayne and Cass Streets. This stream was called "The Savoyard." We found much social life in Detroit. I knew every body. Balls were rare but small dances, tea-drinkings, rides and picnics were many. The "Brady Guard" always gave one ball each year. This organization afterward became the "Grayson Guard" and is now "The Detroit Light Guard." There were no yachts on the river and few small boats for pleasure. Every one had a cart for summer and a cutter for winter. Uncle Forsythe had a very fine sleigh. I was in demand for many tableaux. Uncle's house was where now is 24th Street. The distance from town was so great that while I lived with Uncle I would spend a week at a time frequently at the Sibley's and the Clitz's for the sake of the town life. There was no Fort Wayne as yet—but some artillery officers were stationed in the city.

For a time I attended the school which stood where now is the City Hall. The principal was a Mr. Wilson who was the author of some books on mathematics. Some of the boys from Mr. Fitch's school opposite on Griswold Street (where as a young man Bishop Bissell had taught) attended one of our examinations—and, in return, a number of us girls went to the exercises which closed their term. I remember vividly the incisive clean-cut enunciation of Anson Burlingame in delivering a Latin oration.

Much attention was paid to reading, writing and spelling. To mis-spell a word in writing a letter or note was considered a disgrace. It was a great delight to me to take up the study of Geometry in my Detroit school but I remember it was an open question with some of our friends whether the studies of a school-girl should include Geometry and Chemistry which I had also begun. I studied the first four books of Euclid, covering plane Geometry.

My Father died 17th February, 1838. He had then been one and a half years out of active army life but his death was the direct result of his exposure and ill-treatment as a prisoner and of his resulting illness in Boston. His knee was bent and stiff. He tripped at the head of a flight of icy stairs leading down from Judge Hand's office on Jefferson Avenue. He was carrying at the time a large registry book for some verification and, being unable to recover himself, from his lameness, he was thrown to the foot. The brass-bound book was spattered with his blood. He lived nearly two weeks but most of the time unconscious. The horror of those days over-comes me now. After my Father's death my Mother made our home with Uncle Forsythe.

I remember well my Father's reading every Sunday afternoon out of a big commentary which he held on his knees. It has always seemed to me as though he were searching after the truth but with no one to guide him.

It was a characteristic of my Father whenever he said anything quizzical or amusing to look down demurely, pursing his lips and stroking his chin softly. After his death I most often recalled him in this attitude. I have no recollection of ever receiving from my Father one harsh answer or one rough word.

One evening about three years after my Father's death I was seated at the piano, playing "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," a favorite tune of his. There was a doorway at right and left of the piano, at each side, as I sat facing it. I was suddenly conscious of my Father's presence. I turned to the right and over my shoulder saw his figure with perfect clearness. He walked forward with his accustomed limp, passed by the piano at its side and through the doorway. In a moment I collected myself, stepped to the doorway and looked out. Nothing was to be seen. This is the only apparition I ever saw. It was, of course, the result of my own subjective state.

In the Autumn of 1838 I went to school at Utica, N. Y., where I remained a year. The principal of this Utica school was a Miss Sheldon, a wise and judicious woman with a remarkable power to enforce discipline. I greatly admired her and worked hard to win her approbation. In this I think I succeeded, for on my return home I received an invitation to come back to the school as teacher. This I would have done had it not been for the coming into my life of Dr. Tripler. Among other studies at Utica I was taught drawing and painting in oils by a Miss Barber, but the paintings I undertook were quite beyond my ability to execute well. My Father's death opened my spiritual eyes and softened my heart. My teacher in Utica was a Presbyterian and very anxious that I should be "converted." But I went with a little band of girls who had been confirmed to Grace Church. Dr. Rudd, the Rector, had lost his palate and could hardly be understood. The drawing teacher, who was an infidel, used to take us in charge. I read at this time "Payson's Thoughts" and "Pilgrim's Progress." I was baptised in old St. Paul's, Detroit (Woodward Avenue), by Bishop McCoskry and confirmed by him shortly after my marriage and just before my first child's birth. I thought with horror of giving birth to a child as an unbaptised woman. I said to the Bishop, "I don't know that I am prepared." "Oh, ask your husband. He is a good man." This was my preparation. My Sister Ellen was baptised many years afterward and my Brother "Bob" on his death-bed in California.

On her return to this country from St. Petersburg Mrs. G. V. N. Lothrop once said to me, "Why, the Russians look upon us as heathens because we are not baptised." I said to her, "And you are just that."

Gen. Scott, then commanding our Army, was accustomed each year to go over his old battle-fields and used to invite people right and left to accompany him. In the Summer of 1840, at Buffalo, he picked up an Adjutant and a regimental band of fifteen pieces and with these and his own suite came to Detroit. He called on Mrs. Clitz, whose husband, Capt. Clitz, had been his personal friend. At the time I happened to be visiting Miss Clitz (afterward Mrs. Pratt) for a week. Of course Gen. Scott came in with great bluster. "Oh, this is one of my girls. Oh, both these are my girls. You must both join our party up the lakes." At the time I had a sty on my eye and would have preferred to remain at home. But Miss Clitz added her entreaties:

"Oh, yes, we must go. It won't cost us anything." And we went—by the large steamer "Illinois"—to Mackinac and then to the Sault. Gen. Scott drank champagne and at every meal informed us it was "the only wine my doctor allows me." My Uncle Kercheval was a passenger on the steamer from Mackinac to the Sault. He came to me and said, "Do you know your fare has not been paid? This I learned from the clerk." My Uncle, accordingly, paid my fare and certain officers clubbed together and paid Miss Clitz' fare. At Mackinac, the Commandant, Dr. Harvey Brown, had a pretty daughter and Gen. Scott insisted that she, too, should be taken in the party to the Sault. But no arrangement was made for the paying of her fare until, again, a circle of officers provided for it. Naturally, all who knew these facts were indignant at Gen. Scott for his meanness. As for myself, I cut quite loose from him when I understood I was not his guest. At each meal he would say, "Miss Hunt, everyone is bound to eat fish when fish like these are to be had." "Thank you," I would reply, "I prefer whortle-berries." And I did. I was very mad. We young people did have a merry time, however. Our steamer could, of course, go no farther North than the Sault—but we all went fifteen miles by schooner out into Lake Superior. We had a dance on the shore and got ravenously hungry. Joe Johnston, a lieutenant, had joined us at the Sault. He said, "Why here's wood. Let's toast some bacon." And this we did, eating it with soda crackers. Lieut. Johnston toasted mine, kneeling on the sand. His manners were delightful. He was constantly thoughtful of others. On my return I wrote some doggerel about the trip which greatly amused my Cousin, Henry I. Hunt. One stanza recounted many of our sights on land and water and ended:

"I have looked on a scene still greater, I wot,
For I've met that old humbug, Gen. Scott."

IV

EARLY MARRIED LIFE

Dr. Tripler was ordered to Detroit from Buffalo in January, 1840, and drove over—a week or more en route—with a servant. He had a beautifully varnished black sleigh with red cushions and a fine team,—all greatly admired by the people of Detroit. He brought a small trunk, a gun case and a flute—but not many books as I remember. A piano came by boat in the Spring. After our first introduction I saw him every day in spite of his duties all over the city in attending officers. Uncle Forsythe had known him in Florida and wanted the match. Dr. Tripler would manifest the greatest interest in Uncle's horses or poultry and then would come into the house for a toddy or to ask after the ladies. Sometimes in the spirit of mischief I would not go to receive him, but get my Mother to appear in my place. This would bring a note from him on return to the city, so that he either saw me or had word directly from me each day. On the announcement of our engagement, the commanding officer in Detroit, Major Morris, gave us a dinner.

Senator Norvell proposed my health, which was drunk by all present. As I touched my lips to the glass I choked violently. My confusion was from my constant fear of appearing too young for Dr. Tripler. Mrs. Morris oversaw the preparation of Dr. Tripler's trousseau—for gentlemen's furnishings were not readily obtainable and had to be made in each case specially. Dr. Tripler had treated and cured a child of Major and Mrs. Morris and their gratitude was very keen.

I was married in old St. Paul's Church on Woodward Avenue by Bishop McCoskry, 2 March, 1841—two days before the inauguration of Harrison and Tyler. Dr. Farnsworth was married just before us. It was an evening wedding, followed by a reception and supper at Uncle Forsythe's. We had four bridesmaids and four groomsmen, all officers of the army. These were: Lieut. Clarke, Dr. Southgate, Lieut. Solle, Lieut. Tom Williams, the father of Bishop G. Mott Williams, and my Sister Ellen, Miss Eliza Woodbridge, Miss Martha Jones and Miss Belle Norvell, daughter of Senator Norvell. Dr. Southgate and Miss Woodbridge meeting first at our wedding, were afterward married.

For a few months after our marriage we boarded on Fort St. and then kept house in what all Detroiters called "The Parsonage" on Woodbridge St. back of Christ Church. When we began housekeeping I asked Uncle Forsythe about the amounts of supplies necessary to be stored for winter use—for vegetables in those days could not be bought in conveniently small quantities. Our family consisted of Dr. Tripler and myself and our three negro servants. Uncle Forsythe advised 30 bushels of potatoes, and most of these were thrown out of the cellar in May. Table butter was brought to me each week fresh, but Uncle thought we should lay in two 40-lb. firkins and one 10-lb. firkin for a reserve stock. This I sold the next spring for soap grease. I also bought one barrel of cranberries and at the end of winter it hardly seemed as though we had made the slightest impression on it. I was inexpressibly relieved to see that barrel carted off. There was no way, as I well remember, to buy cream in the city—though milk, of course, could be had. Flowers were nowhere for sale and the supply of berries in their season was very irregular. Strawberries were not cultivated for the market.

I decided to keep a household expense-book and my husband rolled in a fit of uncontrollable laughter when he saw I had entered on one line, "Loaned to myself" and "Paid to myself."

Gen. Scott came to see us after our first child was born. I must admit I was quite awed by his rank. He said to me concerning the baby, "And has your husband a theory? Because if he has, this child is ruined." Gen. Scott and Dr. Tripler used to play chess. If the General saw the game going against himself he would joggle the table and upset the board.

In offering his arm to a lady, Gen. Scott would always say, "Excuse this one, but my wound at Lundy's Lane compels me." It disgusted all who knew that the real hero of Lundy's Lane was Gen. Brady, who never referred to the battle—nor had he need to. Old Gen. Brady was one of our intimate friends. One day he paid me a "compliment," as he called it: "Yes, you are a smart woman: you can do three things at once; you can knit and scold and rock the cradle." We lived in our first house a year and then went to Congress St., two doors west of Shelby. There my eldest child died and there Allie was born. These two were but nineteen months apart. We moved next to Jefferson Avenue, opposite the Biddle House. We were there but two months when Dr. Tripler left for the Mexican War. I stayed the year out and then lived with my Sister, now Mrs. Bissell, on the River Road at about 13th St. Mr. Bissell's man used to take my little Stuart and the Bissell baby into the stable and the tots learned there actually to swear. Thence we went to the house we first occupied after our marriage at the corner of Cass and Fort, now kept by a Mrs. Moore, and boarded there till Dr. Tripler returned from Mexico.

The winter of 1838 to '39 was uncommonly severe in Michigan. The cold was intense and long-continued and the snow lay deep on the ground. Wild birds were forced to find their food in barn-yards and in door-yards. Quail, in particular, were so compelled to frequent the neighbourhood of the farm-houses, and the farmers, seeing their opportunity, set many traps which they baited with corn and other grain and caught vast numbers of these birds. The stock of quail brought into Detroit that winter was enormous. The ruling price was 25 cents per dozen. At the Winter's close it seemed to me I never wanted to see another quail. The next year these birds were very scarce in the neighbourhood of Detroit—and a year or two later quail began to be shipped from Detroit to New York, and they never since have been plentiful in Detroit.

In my childhood in Detroit, I remember well that on Election Day, each year, women and children had to keep closely within doors.

This was from the general drunkenness that prevailed and the brawls and street fights that always marked the day. In the old army, after the business of each day, many of the older officers were accustomed to give themselves to drink—and it was a dreadful example to those younger, who didn't like to be called "milk-sops." It would be said of a man, "He is not a drinking man. He is never drunk before dinner." It seemed that all that could be expected of a man was that he should keep sober in the morning. Common descriptive terms were "a one-bottle man," "a two-bottle man."

V

DR. CHARLES STUART TRIPLER

Dr Tripler was born in New York City, 19 January, 1806. The home of his parents was on the "Bowerie." Orchard St. marks the place of his father's apple orchard. The half-brothers of Dr. Tripler built "Tripler Hall," which was opened by Jennie Lind. Dr. Tripler's father was a very stern man. He died a year after our marriage, and I never saw him. Madame Tripler lived with us at Fort Gratiot two years just before Dr. Tripler went to California. She died at the home of relatives in Toronto. A brother of Dr. Tripler was Grandfather of the inventor of liquid air.

Dr. Tripler's father had been a successful merchant in New York. As he prospered, he invested in land, then comparatively cheap. He sold his estate on Orchard St. and went farther North. At last Dr. Tripler's two half-brothers became involved in business entanglements and got their Father to become their security. They failed and he lost his whole fortune, the creditors taking even the family silver with the crest. This I learned from Madame Tripler, for Dr. Tripler never referred to the matter from mortification at his Father's and Brothers' conduct. These Brothers went to South America. The reverse in family affairs was so sudden and complete it caused a revulsion in all plans, and my husband, then only a little boy, but in active preparation for college, was apprenticed to an apothecary, a Mr. Stephen Brown. This man was a true friend and took a lively interest in his little clerk and oversaw his evening studies in his room, for he did study after working hours. He was a good Latin scholar and used to boast he never learned the meaning of one Latin word after he was twelve. It had all been flogged into him before, he said, by his teacher, a man named Barry. Mr. Stephen Brown had the degree of M.D. and, on my husband's graduation, he proposed they should form a partnership. I do not know just the terms he proposed, but my husband had other ambitions and declined the offer.

Dr. Tripler, when a little boy in New York, heard songs in the street calling on the citizens to defend themselves against the British. This was during the War of 1812. One song had these words:

"Pickaxe, shovel, spade, crowbar, hoe, and barrow,
Better not invade, Yankees have the marrow."

and a darky song of the time ran:

"On Lake Champlain Uncle Sam set a'boats
And then Massa Donough he sail 'em,
Gen. McComb make a Platta-burg a home
Wid de Army whose courage never fail 'em."

The father of Mrs. Tripler was Hugh Stuart, formerly Governor of Bermuda. This was the royal line of Stuarts. This Governor Stuart was visiting in New York at the outbreak of the War of 1812 and was not suffered to leave. Indeed, he made his home now with his daughter till his death. The Uncle of Mrs. Tripler was Sir Archibald Campbell, President of the East India Company. When he learned that his great-nephew was an M.D. he wrote his Mother offering him a position as surgeon in the Company. This my husband was too patriotic to accept. He would not expatriate himself. But his Cousin, Dr. George Rankin, a Canadian, to whom the place was next offered, accepted it, and, after twenty years' service, came to this country, now on the retired list with good pay, and made us a visit in Detroit only a few years after our marriage.

Dr. Tripler's father in New York was once made to sleep with a small-pox patient—in the hope and expectation he would have the disease in a mild form, but he did not have it at all. While a resident physician at Bellevue Hospital Dr. Tripler took the varioloid and through life, his face showed the marks. He was very ill. His mother, going out to see him at the hospital, overheard a passenger in the stage say, "Well, young Tripler died last night." This, however, proved hardly to be the case.

As a medical student in New York my husband used to visit the various public institutions then as now on Blackwell's Island. At the alms-house one day a poor old Irish woman bent and crippled with rheumatism hobbled up to him and whined out an appeal for help. "I want to be cured." "Well, the next time I am here I will bring some medicine to cure you." A few days later he was again on the Island and, in due time, the old hag worked her way up to him. Until she appeared my husband had quite forgotten his promise. He said to her "Wait on this spot till I return with the medicine" and he hastened to the dispensary, caught up a phial, filled it with water and a little coloring matter (like cochineal), and added a few drops of mint to give it a taste. He went back to his patient and put the little bottle into her hand saying impressively, "Now this will cure your rheumatism. You are to take three drops in water three times a day until you are quite well. But I have no more of this medicine. And you must bring back to me every drop in the bottle you have left." She promised. Not many days after, looking down from an upper window of the institution into the yard below, my husband could hardly believe what he saw—the old woman stepping easily and proudly along the walk and carrying a huge basin of food toward one of the wards—moving with the lightness and ease of perfect health. He rushed down the stairs and confronted her. Said he "Now, where is my medicine you had left?" The woman fell on her knees before him. "Oh, Doctor, forgive me, forgive me. When I got cured myself, Nora Dooley and four other women in her ward wanted the same good stuff. I tried to keep it for you and I just couldn't. There was enough in the bottle to cure all of the five entirely. And, sure, I ask your forgiveness, good Doctor." This for the power of faith.

Dr. Tripler's entrance into the Army was on this wise. He had long had an ambition to be an Army surgeon. The year of his graduation as M. D. from Columbia College, New York, he was written to by a Dr. Walter V. Wheaton, an elderly surgeon of the Army then stationed at West Point and urged to come up to the Point to assist him somewhat in his duties and also to attend to what private practice there might be for him. Up to this time medical appointments in the Army had been entirely by political favour and without examination. Dr. Tripler was the first candidate ever examined for the medical service. The Secretary of War, Eaton, came this year to West Point with his wife. At a certain assembly this Dr. Wheaton introduced young Dr. Tripler to Mrs. Eaton and he danced with her. In some way she learned his ambition to enter the Army and his great desire for an appointment to be examined. On her return to Washington this appointment was immediately sent to Dr. Tripler—and by her influence as was well known. Mrs. Eaton had a very humble origin. She had been a Miss Timberlake of Tennessee.

While Dr. Tripler was at West Point he took the full mathematical course of the cadets. He, also, in these years, perfected himself in French. This West Point discipline had doubtless a lasting influence on Dr. Tripler as an officer. While at West Point, some of the companions of Dr. Tripler entered on an almost riotous bout. They took a cadet who had become entirely intoxicated, dead drunk in fact, and put him in a coffin,

and, preceded by fife and drum, marched round the parade-ground. A Col. Vose was Commandant at the time and he inflicted for this proceeding no discipline at all—from his favouritism, as was said, for Dr. Tripler who was known to be in the company.

There was at the Academy an instructor in French who was of very eccentric character. His domestic relationships, in particular, were notorious. At last, reports of his maltreatment of his wife were carried to Col. Fair, the Commandant. He summoned the man before him and gave him a reprimand. The Frenchman replied, "What! I will not be permitted to beat my own wife? You tell me this? Then I will go hang myself."

Dr. Tripler entered the Army at twenty-three, and, following West Point was stationed at Houlton and East-port, Maine. Then the Red River country and Baton Rouge. Then Florida for the three Seminole campaigns. There was much profane swearing in the Army and Gen. Harney, in particular, seemed to spend his time in making new and strange oaths. But in the Florida campaign, Dr. Tripler once riding alone in the deep forest was so struck with awe that he vowed never again to utter an oath. This vow he faithfully kept. There were three campaigns in the Florida war, so called. But there was no glory in Indian warfare— with the readiness of the Indian to shoot you behind your back. From Florida Dr. Tripler was ordered to Buffalo, and thence to Detroit. When my first child (a son) was born, Col. Childs who had served with Dr. Tripler at Tallahassee was God-Father and came on from New York to Detroit for the Baptism. This son was Charles Stuart. He died at sixteen months.

In the Army Medical Museum in Washington there is mounted in one of the cases a child's hand prepared, as the attached label shows, "By Surgeon Charles S. Tripler U. S. A." It is a specimen intended to show the exact distribution of the arteries—these vessels being exquisitely dissected out—and coloured scarlet. It must have been made at a very early day in the history of the great collection, being numbered 25 in its class which now embraces thousands of preparations.

The difficulties and inconveniences of travel through Michigan by any sort of vehicle were by no means made light of by Bishop McCoskry. Hearing from him of what he had had to endure on one of his missionary trips, Dr. Tripler offered the next time the Bishop had occasion to go through that region to take him in his own conveyance. This he did and the result was that Dr. Tripler was confirmed in one of the classes presented at some small country Church on that trip. This was in the year preceding our marriage. After his confirmation Dr. Tripler grew fast in Churchmanship. The "Oxford Movement" was rife in our early years of marriage. When our first child was born Dr. Tripler wanted the Baptism at once. "You can't begin too soon," he said, "just read what the Prayer Book says of the importance of Baptism." During the progress of the Tractarian movement in England Dr. Tripler read the famous tracts as they appeared and often argued them out with Bishop McCoskry. He stiffened up the Bishop I feel sure. It was much later than this before I even bowed in the Creed.

VI

DURING THE MEXICAN WAR

In 1846 Allie was two years old. She had had Cholera Infantum and Dr. Tripler said she must go to Mackinac. It was the month of June. When the news of the annexing of Texas was received, Dr. Tripler at once said "This means war with Mexico and a long separation for you and me." People who stay at home and make laws for other people to go out and fight, know nothing of the stern realities of the case.

Orders were received for the troops in Detroit to proceed to Mexico. Col. Reilley, in command, said, "We shall leave day after tomorrow." And they did—but very foolishly, for at Newport Barracks, Ken., they had to await for two weeks the troops coming from Eagle Harbour and Copper Harbour, Michigan. This Col. Reilley said, with what I thought was foolish bombast, "I'll earn a yellow sash or" (in form quoting Stark at Bennington) "Arabella Reilley is a widow." Before starting, Dr. Tripler took my Mother and Allie to the Mackinac boat. To part from the child was like drawing his heart's blood. But it was inevitable. The regiment proceeded down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and sailed from New Orleans. They had great discomfort and great danger as well, from unseaworthy transports. The landing was at Vera Cruz. An officer rushed to Gen. Scott: "General, they are firing on us." "Well, Sir, did I stipulate there should be no firing, Sir?"

A Capt. Albertis was killed there by a chance shell from the "Castle." Mrs. Albertis was at Copper Harbour, Michigan, and did not learn of her husband's death for six months. Then she said "Well, half mourning will do for me. I didn't know my husband was dead for a whole half year."

The Army fought its way to the City of Mexico via Cerro Gordo, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec. Gen. Taylor was advancing from the North to join forces. While on the way to Mexico City the Army was quartered in a certain town where Dr. Tripler made a very pleasant friendship with a physician of the place—and also with an aged Roman Priest. The latter he treated professionally. The old man, at their parting, wanted to pay Dr. Tripler for his services—but my husband said to him, "No. In my country the Clergy are treated free." The Priest replied "It is different here. In Mexico we pay double."

At last Gen. Scott entered Mexico City. Then I did not hear from my husband for six months for the Mexicans were in the rear of the American Army and all communication was cut. I got a scrawl from Cerro Gordo. Later a number of officers, including Dr. Tripler, hired a Mexican, at a great price, to carry a little packet of papers, in his boot-heel, to the coast. Each officer could send but a few lines. But none of these letters came through. The Army remained in the City of Mexico eight months. Dr. Tripler studied Spanish and learned it so that he enjoyed "Don Quixote" in the original. There was a Doctor Martinez whose acquaintance he valued and a little coterie of German merchants. With them Dr. Tripler saw his first Christmas Tree. When he came home he wanted me to have one. I said "No. Give me some woolen stockings and I will stuff them." I hated novelties.

One day while Dr. Tripler was pegging away at his Spanish Grammar he heard loud talking in the yard, and, looking out, saw his boy "Jim" from New York engaged in a violent quarrel with a Mexican boy—of course all in Spanish. While Dr. Tripler had been learning the Spanish grammar, Jim had been learning the Spanish language.

Field hospitals in the Mexican War always showed the yellow flag—but this was made the special mark of the Mexican gunners. On one occasion, on a battlefield, Dr. Tripler was in the act of amputation and kneeling on the ground, when his patient, almost in his arms, as it were, was instantly killed—struck by a large fragment of rock which was hurled from a cliff by the bursting of a shell.

After the capture of Mexico a service of Thanksgiving was held. The Rev. Dr. McCarthy, a Churchman and Chaplain, celebrated the Holy Communion. A little band of officers communicated, at their head Gen. Scott. Major Duncan Stewart, a Paymaster, once told me Dr. Tripler saved more souls than any other man in Mexico—by doing, rather than saying, the right thing. "His life," he said "was a perpetual sermon." He added "Your husband brought me to the Church and to the Communion." This Major Stewart made his First Communion in New York City and, on that occasion, at his earnest request, Dr. Tripler knelt on one side of him and Gen. Robert Anderson (of Fort Sumter fame) on the other. Dr. Tripler discouraged gambling among the officers and always threw his influence on the safe side. He did not object to card-playing.

On the march to Mexico City the sick and wounded were put by Dr. Tripler's order in the Churches which, fortunately, were without permanent seats and which were the only available places of shelter. In this disposition Dr. Tripler was as careful and reverent as it was possible to be. He always encouraged the Priests to screen the Altars and protect their furnishings—but, even so, there was much desecration.

Dr. Tripler was attached as Medical Director to the staff of Gen. Twiggs who commanded the Second Brigade of regular troops. At Pueblo he made an exhaustive report on the cause of the diseases prevailing in the Army. On the surrender and occupation of Mexico City, the duty of organizing and taking charge of the general hospital was assigned to Dr. Tripler. The buildings occupied for this purpose were the Bishop's Palace, the Governor's Palace, the Iturbide Palace, the Inquisition, the College of Mines and the Convent of Santa Isabella. There was great lack of medical officers, most of the volunteer surgeons proving inefficient—and the distance from the United States preventing easy re-supply. It was what Dr. Tripler observed in the conduct of this campaign in Mexico as to the needs of the Medical Corps and the Army generally that induced him to prepare the Manuals he afterwards printed.

In the City of Mexico, the conduct of the Army of Occupation, for the most part, was very irreverent at public service. The Soldiers would stalk into the Church while service was in progress with their hats on and stalk out in the same way before the Blessing. Of course Dr. Tripler was the impersonation of reverence and he became, in consequence, a rather marked man. One day a Priest said to him, "You are a Catholic"— "Yes," said Dr. Tripler, "I am, but not a Roman Catholic. I am an English Catholic." Definitions, of course, were in order. The Priest was astonished at Dr. Tripler's attitude but they became warm friends and used often to discuss books of devotion and matters of doctrine. Another Priest whom Dr. Tripler attended successfully, and, of course, gratuitously, through a severe illness, made him a present of a number of handsomely bound Spanish books and these Dr. Tripler enjoyed studying. His mind was always actively engaged on some subject that was worthy.

While the "Army of Occupation" was in the City of Mexico religious services were regularly held by Father McCarthy, Priest of the Church and Chaplain. Among those perfectly regular in attendance were Gen. Scott, R. E. Lee, F. J. Porter, E. D. Townsend, Gen. Casey, Col. Gardiner and Dr. Tripler. At the monthly Communion Gen. Scott, Dr. Tripler and some others always received. My husband used always to uncover his head if in the presence of the Host carried by Roman Catholic Priests through the streets. Some of his brother officers used to deride him for this, but, of course, he was not affected by their attitude. I think it was shortly after the occupation of the City of Mexico by our Army that General Scott was waited upon by a circle of officers who had prepared a paper commending his general course as Commander and the conduct of the campaign—and whose leader proceeded to read the paper to Scott. At its close, General Scott declared: "Sir, I decline to receive this paper. The right to approve, Sir, implies the right to disapprove which I deny, Sir." In this I think Scott was right.

The "Aztec Club" was organized in Mexico City to furnish a place of comfortable resort for the officers in the evening. Gen. Buchanan wanted billiards introduced. This was granted. Then he and his friends proposed gaming and drinking. Gen. Scott sent for Dr. Tripler and said "These men will get together enough votes to carry their schemes against us." Dr. Tripler snapped his teeth together and replied "I'll see to that" and he did. For night after night Dr. Tripler and his friends would attend the Club (giving up all other social engagements) and by their constant presence they prevented the proposed action. All this Major Stewart told me in New York City in 1864 one evening while calling on us—Dr. Tripler being on duty and away from our hotel.

In Mexico Col. Reilley of our Army (whom I well knew in Detroit) held a council of his regimental officers. He explained that the regiment was to capture a certain post. An officer said "But, Colonel, this regiment can never take that fortification." "Oh, yes, it can. I have the order right here in my breast-pocket."

On one occasion Fitz John Porter (then Captain) and Dr. Tripler passed, without knowing it, beyond the lines and found themselves within a very short distance of the Mexican camp. "And" Dr. Tripler said "We made rapid time back. Porter had the longer legs but I think I beat him." Dr. Tripler realized the Mexican War was a contest in which the heart of the American people was but little enlisted, chiefly because it was felt the war had resulted from the demand of the slave-holding South for more territory. However, he used to say the time would come when the nation would more truly appreciate the brilliancy of the campaign under Scott, a campaign without a defeat and almost, as one might say, without a check. I believe the time he spoke of is now near.

After his return from Mexico and his sight there of the fearful corruptions of the Church of Rome, Dr. Tripler used to say that in this country we could know little of the conditions prevailing in professedly Roman Catholic lands. He said he could not see how two Roman Catholic Priests could look one another in the face without laughing.

Once at a Court Martial at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Dr. Tripler gave testimony as to the general good character of a certain soldier and he closed by saying, characteristically, "I think when a man fights as well as I've seen this man fight in Mexico, he's got a perfect right to get drunk, if he wants to."

Dr. Tripler read the Medical works of Spanish, French and Italian authors. He once said it was especially interesting to note the scientific progress of the Italians. This rather surprised me.

While my husband was in Mexico I was one afternoon shocked by two men climbing a high board fence at the side of our house (Jefferson Avenue) and peering into the room where I was dressing. I instantly drew the shade. There was a pistol in the house and the next afternoon I laid it in full view on a table directly in front of the window. After dressing I raised the shade. As I anticipated, the men at once appeared again on the fence. I simply bowed my head and pointed dramatically to the pistol. They dropped as though shot and it ended the annoyance.

This house had a front porch only three or four steps above the Avenue. One evening a drunken man came tumbling up upon the porch and into the front door which closed behind him. Seeing his condition, I said "You must get right out of here." He hiccoughed "But you see I've come to stay." I passed rapidly round him and opened the door. Then quickly facing him I threw myself against him with all my young strength. He fell down those steps into the street, seemingly end over end. It is surprising to note the result of sudden power when applied unexpectedly.

I remember meeting Zachary Taylor in Detroit in the early forties, when he was visiting his cousin, James Taylor, a Colonel in the Army who lived at the time on Jefferson Avenue. This Col. Taylor had married a daughter of Judge McLean of the U. S. Supreme Court. Judge McLean I also met. He was a remarkably sober man, seeming to carry a weighty responsibility into the very minutiæ of life. You could never joke with him. Zachary Taylor himself was very rough in his demeanor and not at all like a gentleman in his mode of address.

The Grants came to Detroit in 1849. Mrs. Grant and I exchanged calls. U. S. Grant was then a Lieutenant in the Army and his pay was about $60 per month. Dr. Tripler was at this time a Major. Mrs. Grant always had a great lump of a baby in her arms. Dr. Tripler pointed out Grant to me in the street one day. "That's Grant over there. How he does drive that little rat of a horse" (a French pony, a pacer—though the best he could afford. At this very time, as I well remember, Dr. Tripler was driving his pair of Vermont Morgan mares). Grant used to drive furiously on Jefferson Avenue then unpaved and on the River Rouge when frozen. And we met the Grants in company occasionally. I recall, in particular, a large party at Gen. Brady's where they were present. Most of the time Lieut. Grant was standing rather aloof from the company and uncommunicative with his hands behind his back, impassive. He always gave me the impression of a school-boy who had not learned his lesson, but he was always very devoted and tender to his wife. She, as I think, was his salvation. My cousin, Capt. Lewis Hunt, a class-mate of Grant at West Point, had said to me, "There's more in Grant than you think."

I had no personal acquaintance with S. B. Buckner but I know that his was a very lovable character. I knew the daughter of Major Kingsbury whom he married and a beautiful young woman she was.

I knew Lieut. J. C. Pemberton as an Artillery Officer in Detroit. This was a little before the Grants came in 1849. Lieut. Pemberton was of haughty demeanor and by no means popular.

I knew Joe Johnston when he was a Captain of the Topographical Engineers. After we removed to Detroit he came to Michigan also and in company with Capt. Canfield and three civilians, went to the Upper Peninsula on topographical work. He had a most engaging manner and charmed everybody. I think he was, at this time, in love with Mary Canfield and he used to come to our home in Detroit in the hope to find her there.

VII

THE CALIFORNIA SERVICE

In 1850 the Army post at Detroit was broken up. We went at once to Fort Gratiot which was delightful in summer. There were but two companies at that post. Communication with Detroit was by boat or team. I went from Fort Gratiot down to Detroit to see the city in its first illumination by gas street-lamps. This was thought to be very wonderful as an improvement. When we first came to Detroit in 1836 there were scarcely any street lamps—even of oil—except a few just before the principal hotels.

Once Dr. Tripler drove my Mother in winter from Detroit to Fort Gratiot. The Commanding Officer at Fort Gratiot was Gabriel I. Raines. He was an unpopular man and spent most of his time experimenting with electricity. Mrs. Raines was a Southern woman and was representative of household shiftlessness. One evening, I remember, we were invited to the Raines house and our entertainment consisted of egg-nog which was served to us from a tin watering-pot. I concluded that no pitcher being available, appeal had been taken to the gardener.

At the out-break of the Civil War, Raines promptly joined the Confederate Army. On the evacuation of Richmond in 1865 he arranged, on a table in some central or public hall, a pitcher and glasses, in such wise as to tempt the first officers entering to drink. He then joined the rebel force in flight. But the suspicions of the Federal Officers were aroused and an investigation followed. The table was found to be connected by wires with a magazine of powder. It was the deed of a fiend and universally execrated. It was contrary to the rules of warfare and Raines was a trained soldier. It was against civilization for the whole country, South as well as North, had for months foreseen that the capture of Richmond meant the end of strife. It was against the instincts of humanity for it was a stab at his former brother officers.

It was while at Fort Gratiot that orders came to Dr. Tripler to go to California. The troops went by Steamer from New York though Dr. Tripler thought it a great cruelty to start them at a season when cholera was raging on the Isthmus. It was June, 1852. The crossing of the Isthmus was fearful. Shiploads of laborers for the railway died as fast as they came—or, as the saying was, "An Irishman for every tie." Miasma and pestilence were everywhere. The troops went by boat up the Chagres River which was covered with a heavy, green slime. Then they marched through mud so deep it was soberly said certain soldiers were actually lost in the mud and never found. Of course this meant that sometimes, while on the march, soldiers were attacked with cholera, and, being unable to keep their place in column, would lie down in the mud. Death at times came swiftly after the commands had passed on. Dr. Tripler said, when some such cases of sudden seizure were reported to him, he rode back to give relief but could find no patient at the point indicated. Out of 700 men, women and children, 70 died on the Isthmus and Dr. Tripler was their only surgeon. But a ship's surgeon at Aspinwall, for very pity's sake, crossed with Dr. Tripler to give him aid. The officer who so volunteered was Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, afterward of Arctic fame. It was an heroic deed and appreciated by Dr. Tripler who had unbounded admiration for Kane. Years after, some time following Kane's return from the far North, the two met in Cincinnati and renewed their friendship.

Before leaving New York, Dr. Tripler wrote the Surgeon General it was murder to attempt the crossing of the Isthmus then. But the reply was it would be "quickly over." I wrote to my husband in New York to let me join him. Other officers' wives were going. He answered "Should you come I could not give you a moment of my time." The Panama Railway was not finished till two years later. In going to such a place a surgeon knows his own peril. I cannot believe Dr. Tripler ever dreamed a canal across the Isthmus would one day be attempted.

In Panama Bay the sick were put aboard a certain vessel to which were also assigned, by order of the Commanding Officer, a Col. Bonnerville, all the women and children. This Col. Bonnerville was a very stupid man mentally—appointed from civil life. The only medical officer in attendance was Dr. Tripler and he was worn out by his exhausting duties. He was indignant at the inhumanity which could so needlessly imperil the lives of the women and children. The hospital stewards, enlisted men, were extremely negligent of their duties to the sick and Dr. Tripler called for an officer each day to remain twenty-four hours and compel these men to do their duty and look out for deserters. The officer assigned one day to be with him in this way was Lieut. U. S. Grant. Another officer, Lieut. Gore, so detailed to assist

Dr. Tripler died of the cholera on this ship. The soldiers hated the duty and confinement of the hospital ship and, in very many cases, promptly and quietly dropped over the side and swam ashore. Col. Bonnerville was greatly exercised at the action of Dr. Tripler and threatened to have him court-martialed. But Dr. Tripler told him he wished he would make his threat good for that he wanted nothing better than such an opportunity to let the full conditions be known. My husband's previous army experience in Maine, Arkansas and Florida had given him a wider outlook than that of most officers.

Three months after Dr. Tripler left me Mr. Bissell died and I went at once to housekeeping and took my Mother and the Bissell family.

In San Francisco expenses were so great Dr. Tripler engaged in private practice for his own maintenance and sent me all his pay which I needed for the family in Detroit. At this time there was a mail to and from California but once a fortnight. An addition of two dollars per day to their regular pay was made to all officers in California to live on. U. S. Grant had a coal yard in San Francisco. Wallen had a milk route. Turkeys cost $25 each. While in San Francisco in 1853 Dr. Tripler made a partnership for private practice with a Dr. Hewitt of New York City. This continued about a year, when, for domestic reasons, Dr. Hewitt had to return to New York. Being in a strait for money he borrowed of Dr. Tripler $550. No part of this sum was repaid to Dr. Tripler though he told me in 1866 that he believed Dr. Hewitt was perfectly honest and, if he could get ahead in money matters, he would pay the debt. Some time after Dr. Tripler's death, I wrote Dr. Hewitt an exact statement of my financial condition and the burdens I had to carry. I told him of my husband's faith in him and I enclosed his note to Dr. Tripler for the $550—now outlawed. He replied immediately that when he made his next half-yearly collections he would remit the amount. And this he did, sending the money in greenbacks by express.

In 1854 Dr. Tripler was ordered to Benicia though really needed in San Francisco in his profession for consultation especially. The rule of Jefferson Davis, now Secretary of War, was "two years at a post." So there was no leaving for Dr. Tripler till 1856.

While in San Francisco Dr. Tripler was one of the vestry of Grace Church to greet Bishop Kip on his arrival and ask him to become its Rector. The Bishop asked the financial condition. "Well, Bishop, the sheriff is

at the doors." The Bishop became Rector. At Benicia Dr. Tripler became a Lay Reader. Gen. Townsend and he clubbed together, hired and furnished a room for service, both were licensed by the Bishop and alternated in taking the service. A Miss Atkins, a Presbyterian, kept a boarding-school in the place. In some way her teacher of mathematics failed her. Dr. Tripler said to her cheerfully, "Why, I will take those classes." This kept the school from a break-down. Of course this was done quite gratuitously and Dr. Tripler taught in this way for about a year. Naturally, Miss Atkins and her pupils came somewhat to the lay service. At last Dr. Tripler wrote to Bishop Kip there was a class of fourteen ready for Confirmation, instructed by himself. The Bishop came and confirmed them. This was the beginning of Church life in Benicia. Miss Atkins finally became a Communicant and her school developed into a Church institution.

In California Dr. Tripler was associated with U. S. Grant, W. T. Sherman, Joseph Hooker, E. D. Townsend. Hooker, at this time, was a gambler and drunkard. Grant was in my husband's care and Dr. Tripler was entirely frank and open in dealing with his case. He, at last, resigned from the Army and came East. From the difference in rank, first in Dr. Tripler's favour and later in Grant's, there was hardly intimacy between the two.

From the savings of his private practice in California Dr. Tripler lent $3,000 and lost it. His loss resulted from his placing this money in the hands of Gen. Charles P. Stone, who had gone into the banking business in San Francisco and whose chief clerk, a son of Col. Cleary of the Army, proved to be an embezzler and fled with the funds of many officers. This was the Gen. Stone who was confined in Fort Warren, Boston Harbour, during the Civil War and who afterward became Stone Pasha of Egypt. Dr. Tripler had $1,700 when he got to Detroit. He returned East by the Isthmus and I met him in New York. We went on to Washington for three days, where Dr. Tripler reported and presented his returns and accounts. Then we hastened to Detroit, for Dr. Tripler wanted to see the children so much.

Some time in the year 1852, while Dr. Tripler was in California, I met the author, James Fenimore Cooper, at a dinner party at Gen. Cass'. When I understood Cooper was to be present I tried to excuse myself, but Mrs. Cass insisted on my going. I remember specially Cooper's talking about the arrogance and self-sufficiency of Englishmen.

Once, he said, he was at a public house where, in the course of the dinner, boiled potatoes were served with the fish. An Englishman, at his side, declined the vegetable, saying haughtily, "We never eat potatoes with fish." "Ah," said Cooper, stabbing a big one with his fork, "We always do."

During Dr. Tripler's absence in California we one Summer had much more than the usual cholera scare. All our neighbours and friends fled—most of them going to Mackinac—the Canfields, Gen. Cass' family and all. From our home on Fort Street I could not see one house that was occupied, and most of the houses in this condition were entered and robbed. But I could not leave. I could not break up my family and abandon our house to be plundered. I was very nervous at night—but bold as a lion by day. I told a gentleman friend that if I had a pistol I believed I would entirely recover from the cholera scare. He brought me a pistol and taught me to use it by practice at a target in our back yard 180 feet off. I got so that at that distance he said I would be sure to hit a man—and I had much comfort in the thought. Of course every one knew I was pistol-practising from the sound of the firing. I felt much more secure and could, at last, sleep. My friends used to laugh at my new cure for the cholera scare. It was fortunate that the outbreak of the disease was late in the season, for frost soon brought immunity. However, I counted fourteen funerals passing our house one afternoon.

The California duty separated my husband and me forty-six months.

While he was in California the wife of Senator Gwin came to Dr. Tripler and tried to induce him to attend her husband on the duelling field. Dr. Tripler declined and sent word to the Senator not to go out. The Senator did not go. In this Dr. Tripler, of course, gave up an enormous fee.

Dr. Tripler never opposed beer-drinking nor wine-drinking by the soldiers at an army post, and I am entirely sure the modern movement for abolishing the "canteen" would have found no friend in him. He was the truest kind of a temperance man both in precept and example. For myself, I feel deeply that the soldier has a right to his light drinks. And it is, in my opinion, better to provide them at the post itself than to force the soldier to go for them outside. When he goes, he thinks he must improve the occasion by "filling up" on poor whiskey. When he knows by walking across the parade-ground he can get his beer at any time, he loses half his desire for it.

Dr. Tripler was associated with Gen. John

E. Wool in California. Gen. Wool was a man of most egregious vanity and very unpopular with his brother officers and in the Army generally—but was quite obtuse to the fact. He, one day, dilated to Dr. Tripler on the subject of his own possible illness and death and the consequent trouble and care which would result to the command in the necessary arrangements for the funeral of an officer of his rank. Dr. Tripler long afterward used to chuckle over the reply he made. For he said, "Don't give the subject another thought, General. The officers will be simply delighted to attend to the matter." Gen. Wool looked rather wild at this.

VIII

NEWPORT, KENTUCKY

In July, 1856, at Newport, Ky., Stuart, then twelve years old, was taken ill from eating cherries and then going to swim in the river. The mosquitoes and the stifling heat were almost intolerable. I literally gave up my whole time to his care—though I was going to be confined in November. I watched with him, slept with him and carried him in my arms whenever he was to be moved. I would even run with him in my arms up and downstairs. I read to him nearly all of Scott's and Cooper's novels to keep him quiet. Dr. Tripler was, of course, much engaged with his lectures in the Cincinnati Medical College and his outside duties generally. But I lived with and for my boy—as I lived afterward with Dr. Tripler in his illness—and with Allie in hers. It is no wonder that now my heart is in tatters. One thing surely was in my favour in these long physical strains. I could always eat heartily and with thankfulness that I had the ability.

During his five years at Newport Dr. Tripler studied Astronomy and often assisted

Prof. Mitchell in his observations at Mount Adams. The two men became very intimate from the similarity of their tastes.

The Rev. Charles Page, Chaplain at Newport (Priest of the Church), complained to Dr. Tripler that the men did not come to his service. Dr. Tripler said, "Well, Sir, when you wear the dress proper to your calling, perhaps the men will more respect your office." Mr. Page replied, "Yes, I wish I had a black gown." "No," said Dr. Tripler, "you ought to have surplice and stole—and I will provide them if you will pledge yourself to wear them." The offer was not accepted. Mr. Page said to Col. Heintzleman, "Colonel, if you will attend service you may influence the men." The Colonel replied very slowly, "Well, I agree if Mrs. Page will write all the sermons."

On an Easter Even the wife of Col. Buchanan said to me, "Oh, to-morrow is Easter and I have made no preparation at all for it. It is really necessary that the Colonel should have something new to wear. I must go to Cincinnati and get it for him at once." And she went and bought her husband a new undershirt. Even that, I thought, was better than nothing.

One day, while at Newport, Dr. Tripler came home and asked me, "Whom do you suppose I saw in Cincinnati to-day? Old Fox Morris and Arthur's widow." Dr. Tripler's acquaintance with Capt. Benj. Arthur dated from the Seminole War, and the two had served together also in Mexico and were both founders of the Aztec Club.

In the Winter of 1860 to '61 at Newport, Dr. Tripler wrote his "Handbook for Military Surgeons." If this could have been generally circulated through the Medical Corps it would have been a great boon to the Army and country. Dr. Tripler later wrote by circular to all Medical officers under him to make formal requisitions for things needed. Sometimes these officers hardly knew what a requisition was. The Army needed an efficient General Staff. In "Gen. McClellan's Own Story" this is made very clear by him.

It was while we were in Newport that I prevailed on my Mother to go to Washington and apply for a pension—for I felt the justice of her claim, though my Father had died actually out of the service. On this errand my Mother went to Washington in the Winter of 1858-'59. She staid with a family named Fillebrowne, whom she had befriended and really for a time supported in their extreme poverty years before. They were now in easy circumstances and insisted on keeping my Mother as their guest.

There was a hackman named Earle who made himself known to my Mother as a former friend of my Father's and who volunteered his aid and gave it on several occasions. He said my Father had helped him and he was now glad to return the favours. The bread cast on the waters had come back.

My Mother did not know exactly to whom to apply for help. But she knew the City of Washington and had hosts of Army friends. Still their advice was conflicting and confusing. My Mother, however, decided to see Jefferson Davis, Senator from Mississippi, who had been Secretary of War in Pierce's Cabinet, 1853 to '57. She called at the hotel where the Davises were staying. It proved to be their breakfast-hour. Mrs. Davis came forward and received my Mother. In a short time Mr. Davis also appeared with a newspaper in hand. Mrs. Davis introduced my Mother and stated her errand in a few words. My Mother took breakfast (or rather coffee, for she had breakfasted) with the Davises. They had a private table. My Mother's mode of speech was very touching and effective. She told Mr. Davis she wished to relieve Dr. Tripler of the burden of her care. Mr. Davis' advice was, "Go and see Mr. Crittenden (Senator from Kentucky) and tell him your case just as you have told it to me, but don't tell him I sent you." This my Mother did. She afterward saw Jeff Davis at the Capitol and he gave her more advice, handing her a written list of a number of Congressmen whom she should see, and assuring her he had himself seen a number in her interest. She saw Senator Seward of New York and he said to her, "You had better see Senator Clay of Alabama. If you can get him to say nothing when your case comes up in committee it will be a great advantage." Clay was on the Pension Committee. He said, "Mrs. Hunt, I have made it a rule never to vote for private pension bills. But your case is a just one. Yet I cannot break my rule." My Mother bowed her head and said simply, "I am so sorry." Senator Clay added, "I will do this: When your case comes up in Committee, I will leave the room." On the advice of friends, my Mother went on a certain day to the reception-room of the Committee on Pensions and waited there. Presently the door opened and Mr. Clay came out. He bowed to her in silence. My Mother knew then that her bill was being considered, and, soon, that it was favorably reported. It was an interesting occasion in the Senate when the bill was finally passed. Senator Crittenden proposed to increase the amount from that first recommended. This was at once agreed to. Mr. Crittenden then rose and bowed in a stately way to my Mother who was seated in the gallery. He was a gentleman of the old school and this small act was graceful and gracious. In six weeks from the time she left home my Mother was back with the pension paid from the date of application. Jefferson Davis said to my Mother, "Mrs. Hunt, come to Washington next year and get your back pension" (from date of my Father's death). But "next year" brought other matters to Jefferson Davis. The pension granted my Mother was $420 per year, *i. e.*, one-half the pay proper of a Captain at that time (other allowances were for forage, quarters, servant, transportation, etc.). The weak points in my Mother's application were, first, the fact that my Father was not in actual service at the time of his death. Secondly, the records of the War Department were burned in 1814 when the British took Washington. No records exist now in the Adjutant General's office back of that date. In 1859, however, Gen. Jessup was Quarter Master General. He had been a companion and fellow-prisoner of my Father and gave his testimony as to this fact and as to their capture and exchange. The very next year Gen.

Jessup died. Gen. Gibson, Commissary General, also testified to my Father's coming to Washington while suffering and his being long under treatment there. The testimony of these two was most helpful.

When my Mother's bill passed, Gen. Palmer (of the Engineers) sent a telegram to Dr. Tripler (in Newport). The telegram read, "My bill passed half an hour ago. Four twenty per year." I saw Dr. Tripler open the envelope. He threw his cap into the air and cried out, "Hurrah for Grammy."

To this time Dr. Tripler had been giving to my Mother $200 per year, to my Sister Ellen $300 and to his own mother $200.

Dr. Tripler took an intense dislike to Jefferson Davis while Secretary of War. His orders were injudicious and tyrannical, arbitrary and hard to be carried out. I have often wondered why he treated my Mother so courteously and really believe her beauty had much to do with it.

When Jefferson Davis was confined in Fortress Monroe in 1865 and 1866 my son Stuart was a Lieutenant and stationed there. As officer of the day he repeatedly walked by Mr. Davis' side when he was out for exercise. Stuart told Mr. Davis he was Mrs. Hunt's Grandson—whom Mr. Davis said he well remembered. My Mother wrote to

Stuart to tell Jeff Davis she was still mindful of his kindness. This Stuart did, and Mr. Davis was much moved. Stuart said Mr. Davis was a very interesting man from the width of his information. One day he pointed out a little insignificant shrub growing on the ramparts. "That is so-and-so. It is good for such a purpose." He talked to Stuart one day about certain varieties of rare birds. On another occasion he gave him some prescriptions for certain horse diseases. They never talked of politics, but Stuart was impressed with the depth of Mr. Davis' sorrow and disappointment as a broken-spirited man.

At Newport in January, 1861, the wife of Col. James Ebert (formerly a Miss Taylor), being a rank secessionist, said to me, "Our Army is worthless; it has no spirit; it is the scum of the earth." I said to her, "Answer for yourself. My husband does not belong to the scum of the earth."

At this same time at the lowering of the flag at sundown, women secessionists of Newport would stamp and spit upon it, and an order was issued forbidding women to enter the grounds. A Col. James Taylor, cousin of President Zachary Taylor, announced that on a certain day he would have a flag-raising at his place, a few blocks distant, his house occupying a noble and commanding site. All his family were secessionists, and on this occasion Mrs. Taylor even drew down the curtains of the house and would not show herself. I attended this flag-raising—though really to accompany my daughter Allie, who teased to go and who was wearing the universal cockade of red, white and blue. Col. Taylor's speech was thrilling. He explained that he had selected this day as the anniversary of the day his Father's family had arrived in Newport after their long journey of hundreds of miles down the Ohio. He dwelt upon their constant danger from the Indians and the perils of their wilderness life while the journey lasted. "But on this day we saw a little flag which seemed hardly larger than a pocket-handkerchief, floating from this point against the blue sky—and then we knew we were safe—and we've been safe ever since. And shall we be ingrates now? Let the flag wave." And instantly the beautiful great standard went up. I was deeply moved.

Senator Crittenden followed. "You are going to let them drag Kentucky out of the Union. Then here will be the battle-field and you yourselves homeless. Do not be caught by these tricksters and designing men of the South."

The first secession sentiment I ever heard proclaimed was by a Major Macklin, a Paymaster, in Newport. I arose at once and said, "Well, this is the first disunion speech I have ever listened to:—and it is in my own house. I will excuse myself. Good evening, Major Macklin." And I withdrew.

I never saw cruelty of any sort shown toward the slaves who were, as I remember them, universally cheerful and content. Dr. Tripler had a niece who, when a young married woman, visited us in Newport. She employed a poor colored woman, who had been a field hand in the South, as wet-nurse for her child. This negress was from the most ignorant and hopelessly degraded class. She was so strange to the interior of a house that she went upstairs on all fours, and in descending she would always back downward. I understood she had once been beaten with an iron poker for some act of insubordination—but I believe such treatment was very rare. Surely it should have been unknown.

Gen. William T. Sherman we used to see frequently while at Newport. He was often at our house. In California Dr. Tripler had attended his little son when ill, and, as Gen. and Mrs. Sherman always said, saved his life. The first time the Shermans came to our house in Newport Col. Sherman stood the little fellow on a chair, and, speaking in the first person as in the boy's stead, made a little speech of gratitude to Dr. Tripler for what he had done for him in California a few years before. Some time afterward this boy died. Dr. Tripler had known Gen. Sherman when a cadet at West Point.

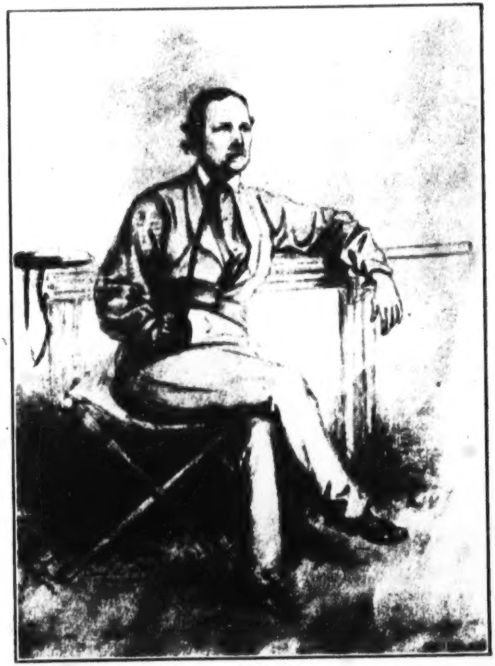
While in Newport Dr. Tripler became impressed with the magnitude of the impending civil conflict and tried to prepare for it. He had studied the Crimean War and other modern conflicts. He said in every well-contested battle one-third of the men are put *hors de combat*. In the Winter of 1860 to '61 he delivered a course of lectures on Military Surgery in the Cincinnati Medical College, foreseeing what was coming. The students were eager for this instruction. My husband through life was tried and irritated by the unfitness and unpreparedness of the general body of medical students. He deplored the admission into his chosen profession of so many young men of defective education, and such men had no chance to become Army Surgeons if they appeared before him while he was at the head of the Board of Examiners.

While in the field, the course Dr. Tripler adopted was to send soldiers North for treatment in hospitals whenever feasible, and there he wanted the volunteer surgeons to be put.

He wanted the regular Army Surgeons with him in the field, for many of these he himself had trained.

Once Dr. Tripler was dining with Gen. Scott at his hotel. Gen. Scott had been ill and was under strict rule of diet prescribed by Dr. Tripler. Gen. Scott, who was a great gourmand, gave his order with much emphasis, calling for a most sumptuous repast. Dr. Tripler said nothing, but as soon as the General's plate was filled, said, "Waiter, remove the General's plate." Gen. Scott's face fairly flamed as the two looked at each other. Then he said, "You are right, Doctor. I am under your orders now." Had Gen. Scott taken another course Dr. Tripler would no longer have attended him and Gen. Scott knew this.

Dr. Tripler admired Scott in a certain way. He was the only big General we then had. He liked to talk of his own achievements. Officers, young and old, flattered him, and there was a good deal of what Dr. Tripler called "boot-licking." This was natural, because a Commanding General has such power to make under officers comfortable or uncomfortable. As an officer Dr. Tripler was himself always as firm as a rock. He obeyed an order on the instant and never sought an excuse. Yet Dr. Tripler would say, "Every one has some weak point. Perhaps most of us have points not so harmless as Scott's." For myself, I despised Gen. Scott and my husband and I used earnestly to disagree as to his character.



IX

DURING THE CIVIL WAR

In the Summer of 1861 Gen. Scott was manifestly breaking. A Virginian himself, the secession of his state and resignation of the many officers from the Army, caused him such distress as to make him really unfit for duty. As General of the Army he might have had the attendance of the Surgeon General or any other Medical Officer, but he always wanted Dr. Tripler to attend him. So, after coming to Washington from Patterson's command in the Shenandoah Valley, Dr. Tripler went each day to the boarding-place of Gen. Scott before his own active duties of the day. He tried to keep all disturbing influences from the General and to retain in him courage and hope. One day Dr. Tripler reached Gen. Scott's before he was dressed, and took up a morning paper to read while waiting. As he read he was suddenly conscious, by a passing shadow falling through the window which opened on the front portico, of a long, straggling figure. He thought to himself, "There comes another Army contractor: I will give him a good snub; it is an outrage for him to force his way to the General." (For even then Army contractors were notorious for their effrontery. And Dr. Tripler was annoyed that the outer guard had admitted this man to the house.) So, as he was conscious of his entrance into the parlour, Dr. Tripler, without turning or even lowering his paper, said quite sharply, "No, Sir, no, you cannot see Gen. Scott. It cannot be. He is ill and can see no one." And, then, he realized that all in the room were standing and in silence. He looked up and saw Abraham Lincoln. The President, of course, accepted the situation and withdrew. "But," Dr. Tripler said, "I just wanted the earth to swallow me. I wanted to crawl under the table." Afterward, Schuyler Hamilton, one of Scott's aides, told Lincoln of Dr. Tripler's distress and the President laughed heartily. Younger officers who had known Dr. Tripler to snub certain men who were officious or opinionated appreciated this story.

In the Winter of 1862 to '63, my Mother went to Washington to secure the appointment of Charles Bissell to West Point. While in the City she was invited to attend an entertainment by Hermann, the magician, at the White House. She at first thought she would not go, but finally was prevailed on to meet old Army friends, viz.: Gen. Meigs, Gen. Andrew

Porter and Gen. Henry I. Hunt. My Mother was talking with Pres. Lincoln (in the East Room, where the company was gathered) when Mrs. Lincoln entered. She had on a white silk dress and a garland of roses on her head—her favorite attire. My Mother said to the President, "How very young she is looking." Mr. Lincoln smiled and was evidently much pleased. The entertainment itself was amusing. Hermann asked for the loan of a watch from the company. Secretary Seward, after some little delay, handed his watch to Hermann, who proceeded at once to pound it vigorously in a mortar. It was shortly afterward found intact dangling from a curtain-pole in the room.

At the near prospect of Civil War I thought I would go mad. I would throw food into the grate. I wanted to die. Giving birth to three children in five years, together with Stuart's long illness, had affected me strangely. When Dr. Tripler left Newport and went to the front I had to sell and pack and store and move. I spent the Summer of 1861 in Thorold, Canada, with my Mother and children. In December, 1861, I went to Washington to join Dr. Tripler, and remained there till 25th March, 1862, when the Army of the Potomac moved to the Peninsula. I left all my children with my Mother in Canada. In

Washington Dr. Tripler had one room only and very insufficient accommodation generally, and when my going on was mooted he wrote me that Washington was over-crowded and stricken with small-pox and had become one great military camp, but I replied that I "could roost on a lamp-post." Nearly every day in Washington I went to the Capitol to watch the progress of legislation which might affect my husband's rank—and almost every evening I went to Dr. Tripler's office, where I soon found I could be of real help. He had to affix his signature to about eighty discharges of soldiers each day, and I could and did write his name on these papers so that no one could tell his signature from mine.

On Sundays Dr. Tripler would work till shortly before the time for the Celebration of the Holy Communion, which we would attend together, of course, and, after service, Dr. Tripler would return again to his office and to his work. There was little time for rest in those days. The Church we attended was St. John's, Dr. Smith Pyne the then Rector—the same I went to as a child. Dr. Tripler's office was in the "Seven Buildings" on Pennsylvania Avenue near 17th St. He boarded only two doors away. His room was small and every appointment simple. He had not a large staff of workers. At the Capitol

I tramped the pavement and the marble staircases with a heavy heart. I never went out evenings except to Dr. Tripler's office. One day Dr. Tripler was ill and I called in to attend him young Dr. Woodhull of the Army who was caring for a small-pox patient near. I remember well the horse he rode, fully caparisoned and with a surgeon's beautiful saddle-cloth. I next met this Dr. Woodhull in 1879 in San Francisco and he told me of the awe he felt as a young surgeon in coming into the presence of Dr. Tripler and that when I addressed him as "Charlie" he was entirely sure Divine retribution must overtake me.

I had one interview in person with Gen. McClellan, to whose staff my husband was attached as Chief Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac. I went alone and without my husband's knowledge to Gen. McClellan's house. At the door-step I met President Lincoln. He was in the famous suit of grey clothes. It was the early evening and the President had come to Gen. McClellan's for a conference. He and I stood together on the front step. As the door was opened the President stepped back to allow me to enter. No words passed between us. I noticed well his kindly face—with the deeply harassed look it bore.

I sent in my card to Gen. McClellan with a request to see him "for five minutes." When he appeared I told him at once my errand: "Dr. Tripler knows nothing of my coming, but he is suffering cruelly from insufficient rank. For example, every ambulance in the Army is subject to control by the Quartermaster's Department. Your Chief Quartermaster has the rank of General, while Dr. Tripler, with responsibility for 250,000 men, has the rank of Major." I said, "If you are suited with my husband give him the rank his duties require. If you are not suited with him, send him home." Gen. McClellan heard me in silence, looking at me calmly and gravely and said he would do all in his power to make Dr. Tripler's orders and suggestions effective. I said, "You are going to fight. Dr. Tripler asks hospital accommodations for 20,000 men and is laughed at. He is working with his hands tied. Every one else seems to have power to squander money." While I was talking with Gen. McClellan, his wife came to him and, after greeting me, inquired of him if Mrs. Smith (wife of Gen. "Baldy" Smith) might depend on transportation between Washington and New York. From the projected move of the Army of the Potomac people hardly knew what to expect and I took this question as showing Gen. McClellan's wife knew no more than any one else. I remember she had a knitting needle in her hand, and, as she spoke, she tapped her husband with it playfully on the shoulder.

Later, in the field, Gen. McClellan gave to Dr. Tripler *carte blanche* to say "By order of Gen. McClellan," and, later still, commensurate rank was given to the Chief Medical Officer.

The day of my interview with Gen. McClellan was the day of a great review of 20,000 reserve artillery under my Cousin, Gen. Henry I. Hunt. This I witnessed in company with Mrs. Heintzleman, and I never shall forget the sight of that host of men, their battery horses in full gallop advancing upon the very spot where we stood. Mrs. Heintzleman said, "Oh, let's get away quick." But a bugle sounded and the whole mass wheeled on the instant to the right and swept past in review.

At the solicitation and importunity of Mrs. Heintzleman I went to one White House reception by Mrs. Lincoln in the afternoon. I had no heart for such things then, but Mrs. Heintzleman prevailed on me. The wives of corps commanders were to assist in receiving, and so Mrs. Heintzleman and I stood behind Mrs. Lincoln in the line. Mrs. Lincoln was an ugly little woman. She wore a white silk dress, cut low in the neck, with a wreath of roses. I remember well when the wife of Gen. Emory was presented the word was added by the Marshal, "The great granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin" (Mrs. Emory was formerly a Miss Bache of Philadelphia). To this Mrs. Lincoln's salutation was, "Do you keep your health?" It was so incongruous and ridiculous I could hardly control myself.

Mrs. Lincoln had the reputation in Washington of a virago. Certainly she did things that were not nice. One day Secretary Seward was going with the President to some affair of State. Mr. Lincoln came out of the White House and entered the carriage. From an upper window, Mrs. Lincoln cried out, "Stop, Abe, stop. Take these children with you" (Robert and Tad). "And," said Seward, "those children kicked my shins all through that ride." Mrs. Lincoln dismissed all the gardeners but one, and all the laundresses but one—saving, in this way, from the White House expenses for her own purse. So far as I know, she did one and only one kind act to a Union soldier. She one day ordered the White House gardener to take a bouquet of flowers to a poor soldier whom she saw resting on the curb-stone in front of the White House. Even then, I believe a drink of whiskey would have been better. New York merchants used to send garments to Mrs. Lincoln with letters asking the privilege to advertise that she would wear these things on certain occasions. It was all a great trial to the President. Yet he would turn it off with, "When Mrs. Lincoln says a thing, she's some." Several years after Mrs. Lincoln left the White House she offered her effects for sale. Robert Lincoln came out with a statement that his Mother had $60,000 in U. S. Bonds and a pension of $3,000 a year.

It was commonly reported and believed that at Mrs. Lincoln's instance, both the White House gardener and the White House coachman were commissioned as Lieutenants in the Army, and their pay, as officers, turned over to Mrs. Lincoln. Of course Mr. Lincoln knew nothing of this. When the Count de Paris and the Count de Chambord came to this country in 1862, Secretary Seward told Mrs. Lincoln it was quite necessary to entertain them at dinner at the White House. Mrs. Lincoln said she was unwilling to make the arrangement unless the Government would meet the expense. But Secretary Seward was insistent it should be done. At the time a great quantity of manure had been delivered at the White House grounds to be spread afterwards upon the grass of the lawns.

This Mrs. Lincoln managed to sell and from the proceeds provided for the entertainment which was afterwards known generally as "the manure dinner." When about to leave the White House in 1865 Mrs. Lincoln ordered all the silver of the table service to be packed up, preparatory to taking it with her. Of course she did not succeed in this.

When Gen. Heintzleman took command of his corps in Virginia we went one day to see him. A sentry was pacing at a considerable distance from his quarters. I asked "Why?" "To prevent any one coming near enough to hear the telegraph operator."

At Newport Dr. Tripler had operated on the daughter of Gen. and Mrs. Heintzleman for hip-joint disease, and successfully. They were most grateful.

As I watched Congress in session I remember seeing Henry Wilson of Massachusetts (Vice President in Grant's second term) look through his mail on his desk by simply tearing off the envelope and glancing at the signature. Without even pretending to read the letter in many cases he would tear it in two and throw it into his waste-basket. I took a violent dislike to him. I was watching the progress of a bill to make Medical Directors Generals of the Army.

One day Dr. Bellows, the famous Unitarian

Minister of New York City, and, at the time, far up in control of the "Sanitary Commission," came to Dr. Tripler and promised to make him Surgeon General if he would, in advance, give the Commission certain privileges. Dr. Tripler said, "No, Sir, I believe in regular succession both in Church and State."

I remember some young surgeons who used to laugh at Dr. Tripler for taking some of their number twenty-five miles on horse-back in the morning on duty and again as far in the afternoon. Washington was full of small-pox that Winter. I remember a little German toy-shop that I visited with Mrs. Heintzleman. She said, "Oh, let's get out of this; I smell small-pox." The next morning the papers reported it there. Through the Winter my great fear was for Dr. Tripler, who could not sleep. He could not get Army surgeons to take the field. They would keep in the hospitals. A Dr. Keeney took a Saratoga trunk into the field. Dr. Tripler issued orders limiting the amount of baggage permitted to Medical Officers. There was no room in the trains for more. He said to a subordinate, "Here is all I have with me. If you find any of our officers with more than this put it out in the mud." And that is where Dr. Keeney's Saratoga trunk went.

When at last the Army moved into Virginia I remained for ten days or so in Washington. In company with Mrs. Heintzleman and a Mrs. Smith, wife of an Army surgeon, I went in an ambulance to visit Dr. Tripler. He was astounded at our advent and received us very coolly. "To think of my wife coming into Army life in the field." "But Mrs. Smith said to come." "If all the Mrs. Smiths in the world said it I would not expect you." I had brought out butter and a huge bowl of chicken-salad which I carried on my lap in the ambulance. But I could eat scarcely anything, for my husband was ashamed of me and I felt it. At last came the question, "Where shall we sleep?" Dr. Tripler said, "I have ordered the young surgeons to find quarters where they can for the night and you will take their cots." He added, "This is no place for a woman." We could not undress. In the camp all was mud and dirt. Early in the morning a soldier entered the tent where we were to make up the fire. It had before given me pain to think of the devastation of Virginia, but I saw those cedar posts burn without regret. Naturally, we started early on our return. I remember the principal furniture of Dr. Tripler's tent was a table, a stove and a horizontal pole across which hung his saddle.

In Washington I hardly ever went down town without seeing Gen. McDowell, obese, with protuberant stomach and a tight belt. He was in those days designing a new uniform for the Army and examining fabrics and colored plates. Meantime shoddy overcoats and garments were furnished the soldiers and blood money made by the Army contractors. Gen. Heintzleman used to say that every window curtain in Washington concealed two spies. He told me that President Lincoln was strangely obtuse to the danger of spies in the White House. On one occasion when a Council of War was being held there neither the doors nor windows of the apartment were closed until Gen. Heintzleman himself closed them. At the moment Gen. McClellan had been called on to disclose his plans for an advance on Richmond and was about to unfold them. Many thought that Lincoln himself ought to have realized the danger and guarded against it. Mrs. Lincoln was suspected of sending intelligence to her Brother in the Confederate service—stationed at this time but a short distance from Washington on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

When I left Washington for the North the crocuses were in bloom in the Capitol grounds. Two days later in Thorold my trunk had to be carried to the stable because the pathway to the house cut down through the snow was too narrow to admit its passage. The snow at the side of this pathway came up to my shoulders.

While the Army of the Potomac was at Yorktown, Sen. Zach. Chandler visited the front, apparently under the impression that his superior wisdom was badly needed by those in command. He was one of those who could not believe in the presence of an enemy unless a big battle was being fought every day. At the headquarters he said, "Where are the lines drawn? Where is this enemy anyway?" My Cousin, Gen. Henry I. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, turned to his Aide and said, "Capt. Bissell, take Mr. Chandler along the lines and draw the enemy's fire." This consisted in throwing a shell from almost every battery in position—and, in each case and most promptly, the return shot from the Confederates would plump right down on our line. Frightened? Poor Chandler was terrified almost to death. He wanted the firing to stop. But Charley Bissell said to him, "But, Sir, this cannot be. You know you wanted to be shown the enemy's exact position and I must obey my orders." And he took him along the entire line.

Dr. Tripler took an extra and brand new wig with him to wear at the glorious entry into Richmond—which all anticipated as the assured end of the Peninsular Campaign. But that wig was never worn.

As head of the Army of the Potomac Dr. Tripler had unbounded admiration and implicit confidence in McClellan. He thought McDowell too self-centred and overcome with vanity. He put no reliance in Pope, knowing him to be a falsifier and questioning his disinterestedness. He believed in the unstained patriotism of Burnside and his earnest and unselfish purpose. He thought Hooker a leader of courage, but deplored his being such an egotist. He knew Meade as a topographical engineer, but hardly otherwise. The duties of engineer were far removed from those of an army surgeon. Of course Dr. Tripler knew Grant so long and so well in California that he thought, in Grant's earlier campaigns, he was hardly a safe man to be entrusted with independent command on account of his personal habits. Yet he knew Grant had taken a good, though not brilliant, grade at West Point—that he was unshaken in his loyalty to the Union—and knew enough not to talk too much about his military plans. He was a good deal surprised at Grant's earlier successes in the field, but, in his campaign of 1864, Dr. Tripler used to say, "I believe Grant will succeed." And no man anywhere rejoiced more truly than Dr. Tripler at his final triumph.

With Gen. Robert E. Lee Dr. Tripler had served in the Mexican War and for him he had a warm personal regard. I have sometimes thought the two had a sort of spiritual kinship. Lee had a beautiful Christian character, which was reflected in his attractive face. There was nothing of the "milk-sop" about him or Dr. Tripler either. Both were manly, independent Christians and neither of them, in any conceivable circumstances, could whine or squirm or indulge in any form of cant.

During the time of McClellan's Peninsular Campaign President Lincoln nominated Dr. Tripler as Surgeon General of the Army. But political and personal influences prevented his confirmation by the Senate. At Harrison's Landing, Va., in July, 1862, Dr. Tripler was relieved and told he could have any duty outside the field. He chose to be Chief Surgeon in command of the Department of the Lakes, and came at once to Detroit. It is strange to think of the nature of the opposition that developed to Dr. Tripler. The Surgeon General was against him, for the rank of the two men was so nearly equal that their duties, especially the drawing of requisitions, had been conflicting and the experience had really been hard for both. Senator Howard was against Dr. Tripler. Zach. Chandler was against him. The Sanitary Commission was against him. The fact just then that he was on McClellan's staff weakened his cause. It is strange that a man like Chandler, whose life had been spent behind the counter of a shop, should presume to dictate what Dr. Tripler in his profession should or should not do. And there were positive reasons for his really befriending Dr. Tripler. My Brother-in-law, Mr. Bissell, years before, had, at Chandler's earnest solicitation, given him substantial help financially. Mr. Chandler was in straits at the time and did not wish to imperil his credit by effecting a loan. But Mr. Bissell borrowed the money he needed and lent it to him. This act saved Mr. Chandler from failure and business ruin. Dr. Farrand, himself a strong Republican, said the treatment accorded Dr. Tripler undoubtedly was the cause of his death. And Dr. Tripler had markedly befriended both Congressmen who now opposed him. When the Chandlers were about moving into their new home on Fort St. their daughter (afterward Mrs. Eugene Hale) was frightfully burned. Dr. Tripler attended her without fee. So, too, he was called to Mrs. Howard (being in the neighbourhood) when very suddenly taken ill and treated her successfully and gratuitously. Yet she afterward boasted that her husband had ruined Dr. Tripler. Of course my husband had intense desire to learn what charges could have been made against him. He wrote to Senator Howard to ask. The reply was very brief, stating simply that the proceedings of an Executive Session were never made public. Senator John Sherman afterward told Dr. Tripler that a soldier in Alexandria was promised his discharge if he would sign a complaint that the sick soldiers had to eat from the garbage of the camp to get food enough. "Will you vote to promote a man responsible for this?" And this infamous paper was read before the Senate and defeated him. Undoubtedly the men who represented the Sanitary Commission often found Dr. Tripler quick and brusque. When they were boring him he would say, "Excuse me, but I have my duties and men's lives are hanging on these moments." "But we have lint here for hospital use." "So have I, eleven tons of it on this steamer." "But here are nightshirts and pillows for the soldiers." "Well, what can men in camp do with such things? But leave them. They can clean their guns with them." Poor sewing women were scraping lint and Dr. Tripler said, "Why do this? We sent at once to Holland for all the lint we could need, and we have it." Then Dr. Tripler would not coddle newspaper correspondents. He would not talk for the sake of getting himself talked about. When Dr. Barnes was made Surgeon General he wrote Dr. Tripler, "It was I or a civilian. I saved the office to the Medical Corps." In 1881 in Washington, Surgeon General Barnes told my daughter Eunice that no other man had ever done what her Father had to raise the spirit and tone of the Medical Corps. For years after Dr. Tripler's death it seemed to me I was walking about and being cared for by people who wanted to do for me for his sake.

During the Summer of 1862 my Mother was in Thorold, Canada, with my younger children. She had rented a small house for the season and was keeping her own home. On 4th July she put out the American flag. The rebel sympathizers and secessionists came up to the house, an excited, angry mob, demanding that the flag be taken down. There was a great uproar in the street. But my Mother stood firm and said the flag should stay. She threatened to throw boiling water on the crowd. Her Brother-in-law, George Kiefer, a magistrate, came to remonstrate with her. "Allie, you are wrong in this. I cannot protect you. If you do this you must take the consequences." "Consequences!" said my

Mother, "They will take the consequences." And she got hot water and a dipper, and, from the roof of the front porch, she threw some water outward toward the crowd. The moment the steam was seen rising into the air the mob broke and ran. My Mother stood on guard till sundown—and had no dinner—fearing a sudden attack. And the flag floated all day on her "Castle."

My Mother had a keen sense of humor. And frequently visiting friends in Windsor and Amherstburg, Canada, she became disgusted at the self-importance and complacency of the Custom's Officers in the examining of baggage. On one occasion she took with her to Canada a hat-box needlessly large, and, on return by ferry to Detroit, she made a great pretense of confusion and reluctance at having to open it for inspection. "Must this really be? Is it actually necessary? Can you not take my word for it?" "No, Madam, it is absolutely necessary that everything herein be laid open before me." So my Mother finally produced the key and opened the box. Its contents did not fill one-fourth of the space, but she made the officer examine each article. "You know you said you must examine everything. Now this box contains powder. Unfortunately I am very vain and proud of my personal appearance. So this is a necessity to me. And here is a packet of court plaster. Of course you know how that is used. And this farther box contains the hidden secrets of my toilet." The man was greatly embarrassed, but my Mother forced him to look at everything.

In the Winter of 1862-'63, while living in our house on Woodward Avenue and Adelaide St., we were robbed of almost every article of family silver. My baby was worrying and I would have said in the morning that I had been up with him the whole night, but I must have slept while the burglary was in progress. We found burnt matches all over the house, showing the men had dared to use a light. The few articles of plated ware, like a cake-basket and a pair of salt-cellars, had been tested by acid on the under side and left. All else was taken except one silver fork with which Dr. Tripler had eaten his baked potato in the study the evening before and one silver spoon with which I had mixed his toddy. We called on detectives at once, but nothing was ever recovered, nor was any one ever arrested for the crime. Very many of the things taken could never be replaced—but we must be philosophical in such experiences.

In the Winter of 1863-'64, while Dr. Tripler was on duty as head of the Examining Board for Medical Officers in New York City, I was with him for some months. We boarded in Bleecker St. with a certain Dr. Mapes, a Professor of Chemistry, with whom my husband for long had a pleasant acquaintance. Dr. Mapes had taken a large house and had a number of boarders. One great advantage to us was the nearness to Dr. Tripler's office in the Army building. I remember that Dr. Mapes used to make out our monthly board bill to the "Temple of Friendship." We called one evening on the Grants at their hotel. They had two very small rooms. Gen. Grant made no splurge. Mrs. Grant had been suffering from cholera morbus and sent for me to come into her bedroom. She reminded me of Dr. Tripler's care of her in the earlier days and she said, "Now, Dr. Tripler must not come into this room." I said, "Certainly, he will not come here unless you send for him." She replied, "But I am afraid he may say to me, 'Mrs. Grant, you are ill and must not go out to-night. You must keep quiet just where you are.' But I have promised to go to the Opera and probably he won't let me." I answered, "But you can go to the Opera if you want to. Things have changed. You can trample on Dr. Tripler if you wish." But Mrs. Grant said, "But if Dr. Tripler forbids it, I wouldn't dare to go."

In 1865 the Grants were in Detroit and a reception was given for them. I was in evening dress. Late in the evening as I stood beside the Grants, Mrs. Grant nudged me with her elbow, school-girl fashion, as she said to her husband, "Now, General, here is Mrs. Tripler with a low-necked dress. I have a neck, too. But you don't let me wear such a dress." I said, "But you really ought to. Every woman is bound to make the best appearance she can in observance of the proper customs of her time and station." I thought I would help her this much—for I was an older woman than she. Gen. Grant kept silent, uttering no single word—entirely impassive. He said in a moment, "Where is the Doctor?" I replied, "I think he has gone out for a smoke" (a fact). "Oh," said he, "and I have a pocket-full of cigars right here." He was plainly sorry they could not take their smoke together. I have reason to think that my words on this occasion had weight, for I understood that at like companies a little later Mrs. Grant wore rather more conventional attire. She certainly did, on the next occasion when I met her, which was in 1879 at a reception given by Gen. McDowell at Black Point in San Francisco Harbour.

At this reception one rather amusing incident occurred. A Priest of the Russian Church was standing in one of the rooms, with his hands folded and hidden in his flowing sleeves and his whole figure absolutely motionless. His face looked waxen. Not an eyelid nor a hair moved. I thought the object was a manikin, and said to Eunice, "This is a fine piece of art," and instinctively and without thought put out my hand and touched the figure—which, thereupon, moved off in a rather stately way, and to my own confusion.

During our stay in New York City, in 1864, Dr. Tripler and I called on Col. Robert Anderson (of Fort Sumter) and Mrs. Anderson and they several times visited us. Col. Anderson was a nervous wreck and showed it. His health was shattered by the fearful strain of his experiences in Charleston Harbour in the Spring of 1861, and he never again was strong.

There seemed to be a very moving hero-worship in the South, especially on the part of the women, during the Civil War. This I account for from the fact, as I think it to be, that the Southern leaders were, speaking generally, more tender and chivalrous than those of the North. Their ideals were not so mercenary. Their breeding had been different.

X

DR. TRIPLER'S DEATH

After his retirement from the field, Dr. Tripler's duties as Chief Surgeon of the Department of the Lakes were in Detroit, Columbus and Cincinnati, as headquarters was moved from time to time. The last home of Dr. Tripler was on Lafayette Avenue near 3d St. My Husband's illness began in the Spring of 1866, when trouble developed in the right ear. Three small glands on the side of the face became implicated, one after another. He suffered no pain till seven months before his death, when the malignant character of the disease became apparent.

While lying ill in the Summer of 1866 Dr. Tripler received a call from Gen. Grant ("swinging round the circle" with President Johnson) and Gen. Rawlins of his personal staff and Gen. Barnes, the Surgeon General. The party came by boat to Detroit from Cleveland. They came to our house shortly after breakfast. Gen. Rawlins (whom Dr. Tripler knew but slightly) remained downstairs and talked very pleasantly with my Mother. Gen. Grant and Surgeon General

Barnes went up to Dr. Tripler's room. Gen. Barnes threw himself on his knees at the bedside and embraced Dr. Tripler—told him much about the Army, why he himself had accepted the Surgeon-Generalship, viz., to keep out some civilian, who otherwise would have had it, and so save it to the Medical Corps. The Sanitary Commission was making and unmaking everything. The Commission had put Hammond into the Surgeon-Generalship, who had accepted the bargain Dr. Tripler declined—and he had been cashiered. During all this talk Gen. Grant scarcely spoke. Downstairs, however, he talked with my Mother rather more freely. She asked him, among other things, why there was a fort at Yuma. (Charles Bissell had been stationed there.) In reply Gen. Grant said, "Nobody knows, Mrs. Hunt, for the reason that nobody has ever been able to find out."

The attention of this call from the General of the Army and the Surgeon General was very gratifying to Dr. Tripler. He regarded it as a personal testimony that his own character and services were esteemed far above the indication by the rank accorded him.

One afternoon in the Summer of 1866 Bishop McCoskry called to see Dr. Tripler. I chanced to be away when he came, but returned home as the Bishop closed his call

where am I to be? Am not I to be pall-bearer for my friend?" Some one said, "But, Gen. Hooker, you are too infirm to serve so." "Then," said he, "I will ride in my carriage beside the hearse and act as bearer in that way." And this he did.

Dr. Tripler's death was announced to the Army by a General Order (of which I have a copy—No. 89). Gen. Hunt wrote me this was an unusual thing and a great honor to the Medical Department, which was put into mourning for three months.

In the Surgeon General's report of Dr. Tripler's death to the Adjutant General he uses these words concerning Dr. Tripler: "His skillful administration and conscientious discharge of duty have been rewarded by three brevets for 'faithful and meritorious services.' The Medical Corps possesses, in his distinguished career, a bright example of the union of professional attainments, with the military zeal and pride of an officer and those qualities which mark the Christian gentleman."

The marble monument over my husband's grave was erected by the Medical Corps of the Army. It was executed in Buffalo, N. Y., and its cost was $800. Major Farquhar made the drawing of the wreath of laurel cut upon the Cross in relief. I had a most interesting correspondence with Dr. Satterlee in regard to the project. The Surgeon General issued a circular to the Medical Corps on the matter. Subscriptions were limited in amount. Surgeons were not to give over $10 each and Assistant Surgeons not over $5. A very large proportion gave. Dr. Satterlee afterward sent me all the letters received. Many of them were most gratifying to me in their tone. One wrote he feared no suitable monument could be erected for such a sum and requested he might be called on again. Another wrote expressing his gratitude for Dr. Tripler's example and reputation, which, he said, were enough to stimulate himself and all other young surgeons to attain their highest ideal. This man had no personal acquaintance with Dr. Tripler.

Bishop Armitage once sent me (from Milwaukee) a copy of the "Pacific Churchman" with a letter from Bishop Kip of California, then East, in which he told of being in Detroit and driving with some friends through Elmwood Cemetery. He was attracted toward a certain monument and left the carriage to inspect it. It was the monument to Dr. Tripler—a most remarkable coincidence—as the Bishop said "The only stone among all those thousands raised in memory of one I knew and loved."

direct compensation for the Government's use of the work. My case, in its presentation, was strengthened by letters commendatory of the Manual and of the justice of my claim from Gen. McClellan (three in number) Gen. W. T. Sherman, Gen. Henry I. Hunt, Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, Gen. E. D. Townsend, Surgeon Gen. Barnes, Adjutant Gen. Drum. All these letters were finally lost to me in the Congressional Committees. Dr. Moore, Surgeon General, in a letter commending the book and expressing the hope that at least $10,000 would be allowed me for it, used these words, "It was of inestimable value, coming as it did at exactly the right time and in the day of our great need." The first form of the bill was to grant me $10,000. The second bill was to pay me one-third of a cent for each copy used; another bill a fraction of a cent for each man enlisted by use of the Manual (about 3,000,000). Finally, the bill was fixed at $3,000 in which form it was for years before Congress at each session. Senator Palmer told me $2,500 was the utmost sum he could get the Senate Military Committee favorably to consider. But, later, Senator McMillan got it through the Senate Committee and it passed the Senate itself at six sessions at $3,000 only to be hung up on the calendar of the House and

and met him coming down the stairs. He said, "Mrs. Tripler, I called to teach your husband, but I find he has taught me." He showed much emotion.

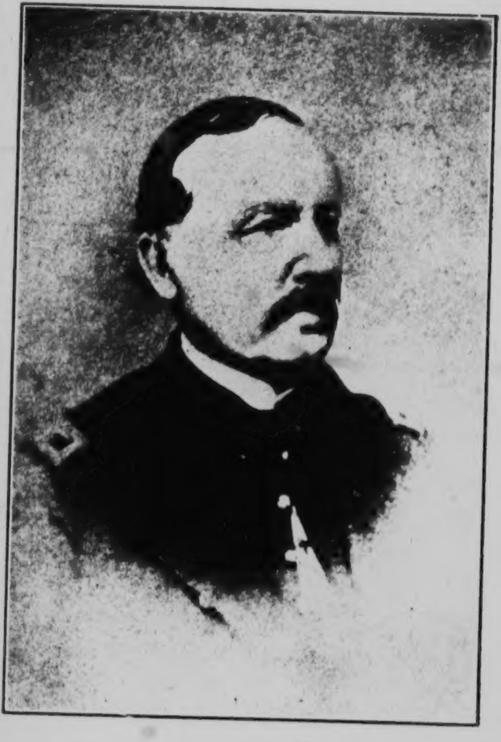
The first week in October, 1866, Dr. Tripler went on to Cincinnati to have Dr. Blackman examine him. Of course I accompanied him. Death came finally (October 20th) and released him from his anguish.

My Cousin, Henry Hazard, insisted on accompanying me with the body to Detroit. Dr. Freyer and Mr. Radcliffe met us in Toledo. At Newport, before starting, Mrs. Swords brought me her bonnet and black veil. "You must use these. The veil will be a great relief and protection." And so I found it on the journey, for I was weeping much.

Dr. Tripler's funeral took place 22d October, 1866, from St. John's Church, Detroit. Nearly all the Clergy of the city were present. It was a military funeral. Dr. Pitcher was in charge. The artillery and infantry from Fort Wayne were in the procession. Four guns were dragged to Elmwood Cemetery. Non-commissioned officers bore the body. Eight Army Officers were the pall-bearers—at their head Gen. Joe Hooker. From Columbus Gen. Hooker had telegraphed to know about the arrangements and who were to be pall-bearers. He was told. He said, "But

A large portrait of Dr. Tripler, done in India ink, hung for many years in the main hall of the old Army Medical Museum in Washington surrounded by much smaller pictures of past Surgeon Generals—a recognition of my husband's character and career very gratifying to me. Through the kindness of Gen. E. O. C. Ord, a duplicate of this picture, handsomely framed, was sent me, as a gift from the Medical Corps.

Dr. Tripler wrote his Manual for recruiting officers in 1858 while we were at Newport. He did not copyright the book because he meant to add to it. Of the first edition the Government took 750 copies and paid him a royalty of $350 thus formally recognizing his ownership. During the Civil War the Government issued many thousands of copies to the recruiting stations. Immediately on Dr. Tripler's death I applied for a pension and got one of $25 per month. In a year or so I applied for reimbursement for the Government's use of the Manual. I wrote to Senator John Sherman. He replied that he would talk with Senator Edmunds about my claim. It seems that Senator Edmunds opposed it on the ground that existing laws were sufficient and thus my case became hopeless. Two or three years later Congressman Lord introduced in Congress a bill for my



never get to its final stage in that branch of Congress. Congressman Levi T. Griffin was the only Michigan Congressman who returned to me the papers committed to him. After my many years of failure and deferred hope it was almost against my wish—certainly without any expectation of success on my own part—that the bill, after my removal to Nebraska, was again introduced in January, 1906. Senator E. J. Burkett introduced it in the Senate and proved my devoted and faithful friend in securing its passage by that body—while Congressman G. W. Norris was the most efficient and successful advocate of my cause in the House—where, really to my great surprise, the bill was finally passed 19th January, 1907—the anniversary of my husband's birth. I feel very grateful to my many friends who wrote to various Congressmen in my behalf.

Once, at a recruiting station, Dr. Tripler was engaged in examining a man before a certain surgeon to exemplify his own methods of examination prescribed in his manual. The man under examination was extremely anxious to enter the army and was, of course, stripped and on all fours for the purpose of certain measurements and certain motions. As he ended his examination, Dr. Tripler turned to the desk to make a record and, in

a moment, the surgeon present said to him in a low tone "Doctor, the recruit is still in the same position." Dr. Tripler glanced over his shoulder and seeing the man yet on all fours said to him simply "Jump up, now." This order the man interpreted literally, and, in a moment, began to leap into the air by a series of astonishing capers. There were some students present who were convulsed with laughter but Dr. Tripler felt rather confused by it.

Dr. Tripler wrote less than he studied but his stores of knowledge were always at the service of his professional friends in civil life, who had less time than himself to give to books. So far as I know he printed but these:

I. Remarks on Delirium Tremens, 1827, being his graduating Thesis, published by request.

II. A Treatise on the Duties of Physicians in regard to popular Delusions.

III. A Treatise on the nature, cause and treatment of Scurvy.

IV. Manual for the Medical Officers of the Army of the United States. Part I. Recruiting and the inspection of Recruits. 1858.

V. Handbook for the Military Surgeon, 1861.

These last two were incomplete, the latter on account of his going to the field at the beginning of the Rebellion and the former being only the first part of the work which he hoped that he might live to complete to his own satisfaction.

Dr. Tripler felt deeply whenever he observed a soldier in garrison doing small duties in connection with an officer's home, done by servants elsewhere, like watching the children, or dragging a baby-carriage. My husband said these things were demoralizing to the soldier himself and degrading to the service and ought to be prohibited. The gratuity given by the officers for such work was not properly an element in the case.

My husband, in the fifties, made a will in which he solemnly charged me never to permit a child of ours "To enter a schismatical place of worship." Two months before he died he wrote another will in which no such direction appeared for he said it now seemed to him as being a reflection against me in some sort—"as either not knowing or not willing to do the right thing without instruction" from him.

Dr. Tripler entered the Military Order of the Loyal Legion at its inception, becoming a member of the first Commandery—that of Pennsylvania. His insignia came to me from Headquarters some time after his death.

XI

A FEW GENERAL REMARKS

During his term in the White House President Hayes visited Detroit. At a reception at Gov. Baldwin's, my Mother told the President she had danced with Ex-President Monroe at the Inaugural Ball of John Quincy Adams in 1825 and had met at some time every man who had held the office of President since. This announcement was received by Mr. Hayes with a good deal of interest—and it livened things up—for the reception had been heavy and rather dull.

A Capt. Jamieson, already married three times, was on the point of taking his fourth wife. He came to Dr. Tripler to learn the Order of the Marriage Service in the Prayer Book, for he said, seriously and very solemnly, "I have generally been married by a Presbyterian."

A story much enjoyed by Gen. Grant and often told by Dr. Tripler was this. A soldier who had been stationed sometime at Fort Yuma died. A circle of Spiritualists later claimed to have communicated with him. He said he was getting on pretty well but he really wanted his heavy overcoat. He was asked, "Why?" He replied, "Well, after a man has been at Fort Yuma for a while, Hell is an awfully cold place to live in."

I have known personally seven Commanding Generals of the Army, viz.: Brown, McComb, Scott, McClellan, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. My acquaintance with Gen. Sheridan was of the slightest. The mother of Mrs. Sheridan was the adopted daughter of Col. (afterward Gen.) Whistler of the old Army. On account of my acquaintance with Gen. Whistler I once called on Mrs. Sheridan at the Russell House, Detroit. Gen. Sheridan came into the room and I, of course, met him. After he had gone Mrs. Sheridan spoke of the personal interest and magnetism her husband every where excited. She contrasted him in this regard with Gen. Grant and his stolidity. She told me Mrs. Grant once said to her that, on one occasion in public, if she could have gotten near her husband she would have stuck a pin into him to wake him up.

Gen. Halleck in command of our Armies from July, 1862, to March, 1864, I never knew—though he and Dr. Tripler had served together and were personal friends.

It almost startles me, to try to realize the unbounded interest, Dr. Tripler, if alive, would be showing in the modern advance of medicine and surgery, especially the latter. He used to talk to the younger surgeons in the army to impress upon them the value of study—and the value of the habit of study. He told them that whenever they were stationed in or near large cities their opportunities were exceptional for making advance in professional attainments.

Dr. Tripler's attention was once called to the case of a poor man in Ypsilanti, Michigan, who had been injured by a railway train. As I remember it, both his legs and arms were broken and one thigh bone, several ribs and both collar bones. He had been given up to die when Dr. Tripler took him in charge, making the journey from Detroit to Ypsilanti, several times a week, until his complete recovery. The poor fellow's gratitude was moving. He was a cabinet-maker and taught his art to Dr. Tripler—who made for me, with his own hands, a stand and several light chairs. The great element in this recovery was the man's hope and good cheer.

After his marriage, Dr. Tripler's Army service was as follows:

1841—1846 in Detroit.
1846—1849 " Mexico.
1850—1852 " Detroit and Fort Gratiot.

1852—1856 in California.
1856—1861 " Newport Barracks.
1861—1862 " Field.
1862—1866 " Department of theLakes.

Dr. Tripler was graduated as M. D. from the College of Physicians and Surgeons (Medical Department of Columbia College, New York) 27th March, 1827.

He was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the Army 30th October, 1830, his commission being signed 15th March, 1831, by Andrew Jackson.

He was appointed Surgeon 7th July, 1838, his commission being signed 10th July, 1838, by Martin VanBuren.

He received the honorary degree of M.A. from Columbia College, New York, 26th June, 1860. He was appointed Colonel by Brevet 29th November, 1864, his commission being signed 23d March, 1865, by Abraham Lincoln.

He was appointed Brigadier General by Brevet 13th March, 1865, his commission being signed 7th March, 1867, by Andrew Johnson.

In the Summer of 1865 I was in Columbus, Ohio, with Dr. Tripler, and we were guests at the hotel where Gen. Rosecrans stayed. At table one day I remarked that it seemed to me Gen. McClellan was rather a taciturn man. "Taciturn," said he, "Tacit urn, empty urn." No love was lost, apparently, between these two.

I actually ache when I think of the world's scientific advance and all the problems inventors are now solving. It seems to me very great folly to put human life so in peril to reach the highest speed attainable by rail or automobile. Yet I sympathise with the toil and anxiety of these men and often wonder if the human race is better off in the long run. I can see no sign it is any happier—but rather the contrary. The world moves too fast in these days. It seems to me to lack even a tranquil enjoyment of its very pleasures.

I remember once, at about the age of seven or eight years, examining the veining and structure of a small leaf—and being so impressed by the evident plan and purpose of its Maker that I shed tears.

At the time of the "Old Catholic" conference at Bonn, Germany, under the leadership of Pere Hyacinthe, I was greatly scandalized by the press accounts of those good men discussing the weightiest and most spiritual subjects with great cans of beer at their elbows and in an atmosphere blue with tobacco smoke.

The impertinences of the modern press are simply intolerable. I often read what I think would abundantly justify the use of a horsewhip on the writer.

In Army command I believe the inexperience and enthusiasm of youth are better than the natural conservatism and imbecility of old age.

Honest workmanship is at a discount in these days. Very few men seem willing to do what is right because simply it is right.

The disregard of human life in modern methods of travel is to me most strange. The feverish rush and hurry and crowding—the indifference to another's rights, the inattention to another's comfort—are hard for me to reconcile with my old ideas of the sanctity of the individual. And it seems to me that the saving of time we effect is almost pitiful—when so compared with its true cost.

Dr. Tripler once deliberately changed his penmanship for me—altering it to make it more legible. This involved much time spent in practice. Few persons would do so much for another now, as I feel—and yet, the very basis of true courtesy is the comfort of others.

I am actually frightened when I see by the newspapers the cheapening and insecurity of life in modern days. When I was a child if we heard of a murder what made the story unspeakably horrible was the universal feeling that we should presently hear of some-one's being hung for the crime. This fear or expectation of punishment does not seem now to exist—and it is to this cause I largely attribute our present conditions.

That men should speak on public questions with personal disinterestedness and act on them with simple honesty and an eye to the general good seems to-day to be, as the philosophers say, "the unthinkable." Yet in all these modern movements a Hand higher than that of man is to be seen and it is often not difficult to perceive its guiding.

I feel that my life, especially in its latter part, has been even wonderfully marked by the kindnesses done me. It seems again and again as though I had but stretched forth my hand to have it filled. And so much has been done for me in a beautifully deferential way. My tastes have been consulted. "Would not you like this or that?"

The longest time Dr. Tripler and I were together without break was the five years in Newport Barracks, Kentucky, 1856-'61. We always hoped in old age to have all our children about us, with no more anxieties nor separations. It has been otherwise ordered.

I consider my removal from the Lake region to Nebraska in 1900 as one of the greatest physical blessings in my old age. My obstinate bronchitis of more than twenty-five years' standing, it was plainly beyond the art of man to cure, and, at times, it had given me the greatest distress, but in less than two months after the move, every trace of it had disappeared, as also had the rheumatic pains from which I had long suffered. I have no active malady. I feel only the discomfort of increasing weakness. As they turn now the wheels make friction—for the machine is running down. (December, 1908.)

In middle life my height was 5 feet 2 inches. My weight at 38 or 39 years of age was 127 lbs. It was never that after Dr. Tripler's death.

Once I was walking with Dr. Tripler in the old-fashioned way, arm in arm, on Jefferson Avenue, Detroit. I was suddenly conscious of his being in deep emotion. I looked up and saw his eyes were filled with tears and he presently recited softly and reverently the opening words of the old hymn:

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise."

And he said he did not deserve me nor the blessings of his home. He had a far too exalted opinion of my capabilities and character generally.

In old age it is surprising how we get ac-

customed to living. When my husband died I felt I must go too. I was in haste for the change. But the thought and desire passed. Now, in my old age and with love of life still strong upon me, I feel otherwise. In view of all the changes I have lived through I often feel as though I belonged to a former age of the world. With my mind all is now clear and I accept the fact of the approaching end of my life. I look on my hands and see they are old. I am old. Yet we cannot now realize what life is without the body. But that we shall be cared for of the Good Father I know.

From the Detroit "News" of Thursday, 31 March, 1910.

Mrs. Eunice Tripler, who was this afternoon buried in Elmwood cemetery, died on Monday last at St. Stephen's rectory, Grand Island, Neb., where she had made her home for the last ten years with her daughter, Mrs. L. A. Arthur.

She was long a resident of Detroit and was a woman of an interesting personal history. She was born in Washington, D. C., in 1822, being the daughter of Capt. Thomas Hunt, U. S. Army, and her education was prosecuted in that city with rather exceptional advantages for so early a day. In 1836 her father removed to Detroit and her education was completed here and in a Church school in Utica, N. Y.

In 1841 she was married to Surgeon Charles S. Tripler of the regular Army. Dr. Tripler served in the Seminole and Mexican wars and in the Civil War as first Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac on the staff of Gen. McClellan. Dr. Tripler died in 1866, leaving an enviable record for professional attainment and for integrity and uprightness in every relation of life. Their children were nine in number, of whom four survive: Mrs. E. C. Hutchinson, of San Francisco; Edward T. Tripler of this city; Mrs.

Louis A. Arthur of Grand Island, Neb., and H. H. Tripler, of Tacoma, Wash.

Among the earliest recollections of Mrs. Tripler was that of Gen. Lafayette during his visit to this country in the years 1826-7 and his long stay in Washington, where he was a frequent visitor at her father's house.

The winter of 1861-62 Mrs. Tripler passed in Washington with her husband, and she had a fund of pleasant anecdote concerning President and Mrs. Lincoln and Washington life at that stirring time. She knew well, one might say, intimately, seven commanding Generals of the Army, from Gen. Alexander McComb down to and including Gen. Philip H. Sheridan.

With Mrs. Tripler the powers of a mind of much more than ordinary grasp had been developed by a course of liberal reading and study, and she was wont to express herself on topics of the day in quite an original fashion and with a brightness and sense of humor which made her conversation most enjoyable to all who knew her.

Mrs. Tripler was a sincere and faithful Christian and a devoted and self-sacrificing wife and mother, and to all connected with her by the ties of kinship or in the wider circle of mere social acquaintance she has left the witness of a singularly pure and devout life.

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